

THE MONTH

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THE MONTH

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EDITORIAL COMMENTS

The Hard Saying

PERHAPS no Catholic doctrine is so contemptuously rejected by the unbelieving world as that which asserts the abiding presence in the world of God Incarnate under the Eucharistic symbols. The mystery has all the qualities that the rationalist detests. No efforts of reason can solve it: the more profoundly it is probed the more it baffles the investigator; it is ultimately and pre-eminently the "mystery of faith," for it rests altogether on the Word of God. Consequently, the Church is providentially guided to emphasize this "hard saying" in these latter days when disbelief in God's revelation has led so widely to disbelief in God Himself, and to multiply and enhance her exhibitions of love and devotion towards Christ in the Eucharist. Hence, in addition to the normal cultus, which is of the essence of her devotional life, she provides periodical Eucharistic Congresses on a world-wide scale as a means of proclaiming to the world in spectacular fashion the central Object of her belief and worship. The last of these, the thirty-third of the series, was held in the Philippines, a Far-Eastern outpost of the Faith, and during the last week of the coming May the thirty-fourth will be celebrated in the old-world city of Budapest, the capital of Hungary.

The Budapest Eucharistic Congress

THE final sessions of the Vatican Council were held in the midst of the political ferment that attended the spoliation of the Holy See. With a like indifference to merely temporal affairs this great spiritual revival will take place in the heart of the Danubian States, now in greater turmoil than ever because of the "rape of Austria" and the unmistakable menace to the stability of other minor Powers which that event portends. It is true that Hungary's German population is too scanty and scattered to call for Herr Hitler's active "protection," although we have not yet seen the full development

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of that disturbing doctrine. Meanwhile, it remains, and reasonably, the most discontented of the "Succession States," and keeps up a continuous protest against the Treaty of St. Germain, which deprived it of nearly two-thirds of its former territory and one-third of its natural inhabitants, besides denying it the right to choose its own form of Government. But next month, whatever its own political grievances and the "jumpiness" of its neighbours, Hungary's largely-Catholic population will be welcoming the great religious pageant in honour of the Prince of Peace, which the Catholic world is uniting to celebrate in its historic capital. It will be a striking demonstration, if the world will but heed, of what alone makes for the world's peace, the only way of controlling the blind and selfish nationalism which is a most active source of disorder. The Holy Eucharist is both the means and symbol of man's union with God and with his fellow men. We hope that despite the troubles of the time Catholics from all the world over will flock to the banks of the Danube for the occasion, and that those who cannot be there in person will be there, fervently, in spirit. The politicians are working earnestly for world-peace, in so far as it can be reconciled with their own national interests, thus seeking a desirable end by wholly inadequate means. The prayers of a united Catholicism should support and direct their efforts and may succeed where they fail.

Another Nazi Coup

A MONTH ago it was evident that Herr Hitler was contemplating the absorption of Austria by the Reich, but it seemed as if the process was meant to be comparatively gradual. However, the resolve of the Austrian Chancellor to hold a plebiscite so as to discover the real desires of responsible Austrian citizens, gave the Fuehrer the pretext—no wolf quarrelling with a lamb is ever at a loss for one—to take there and then his cherry at one bite. He chose to look upon the proposed plebiscite as a violation of the Berchtesgaden agreement, demanded the resignation of the Chancellor, rejected the solemn protests of the British and French Governments, and entered Austria at the urgent demand of his successor on March 13th, together with an overwhelming force of all arms. The speedy and clock-work precision of this invasion proves that it was planned long ago, whilst the tumul-

tuous welcome given to the Fuehrer and his troops need not be taken as a sign that the bulk of the people wanted them. On the fact that union with Germany *was* the desire of the *major et sanior* part of the population depends the justice of Herr Hitler's action, but that fact can never now be established. The plebiscite "arranged" for April 10th will indicate nothing more than the skill and thoroughness of the arrangement. The habit of dictators to appeal to decisions in regard to which the voters are denied, in one way or another, liberty of choice, is surely standing evidence of their lack of humour. In this case the possibly hostile voters, however numerous, cannot fail to realize that no votes of theirs will set Austria free again. And but for the anti-Christian character of Nazi Totalitarianism, incorporation with the Reich would for many be preferable to an independence, always precarious and never prosperous. It is not the violation of the discredited Versailles Treaty, nor the union of one German group with another that causes misgiving in the Catholic world, but the subjection of a Catholic people to a godless political system.

The Church in Austria

HERR HITLER speaks of "freeing" his native land from the tyranny which oppressed it. He has no words too hard for the late Chancellor who tried to preserve its independence and was engaged in the formation of a Corporative State wholly unlike that of the Reich. How any Austrian Catholic, fully aware of how the Nazi interprets freedom and conscious of the growing intensity of the German Kulturkampf, could desire that kind of civil and religious liberty, is calculated to cause wonder in lands where the Church is free and the citizen has rights which the State respects. We cannot imagine the Church in Austria being treated in any way more favourably than the Church is in that other predominantly Catholic province, Bavaria. It has not even the legal protection, save the mark! given the latter by the Concordat. The Austrian Church has as a matter of course accepted the *fait accompli* and will endeavour to live in harmony with it. Cardinal Innitzer has even congratulated Herr Hitler on achieving his aim without anything like civil war—the one aspect of the matter, since the result was in any case inevitable, about which all can rejoice. But from the religious standpoint there are few others. The dread process of *Gleichstel-*

lung is already in operation. The unhappy Jews are outlawed and proscribed, the Press is under severe control, Catholic youth associations are dissolved, even the dead are dishonoured, for the monument to the murdered Dollfuss is boarded up and his murderer given posthumous honours as a national hero. Nothing more clearly indicates the essential immorality of the conception of the Totalitarian State than the condoning of any crime, however heinous, committed in its interest. The deplorable number of suicides amongst those identified with anti-Nazi-ism, whilst revealing a sad lack of Christian faith, shows also the keen apprehension which the victims felt of the terror already overshadowing their land—the imposition of a false racial and political ideal by methods of crude brutality.

The Fruits of Injustice

ONCE again it is to the blind selfishness of Versailles that Catholic Austria owes this cruel visitation. The little German fragment of the old Empire, that proclaimed itself a Republic in 1918, wanted nothing better than to federate with the greater Republic to the north, but that did not suit the policy of the "Big Four" whose one aim was to keep Germany down and make her recovery as a Great Power as remote as possible. Hence they sanctioned the clumsy "self-determination" of the several Danubian States, the newcomer amongst which, Czechoslovakia, had a considerable German minority. But self-determination was denied to Austria when, for motives of self-preservation, it wished to join the Third Reich. A correspondent to *The Times* (March 21st) has usefully quoted the verdict of the official "History of the Peace Conference" on this high-handed and vindictive decision :

In the question of all others where one would have said that, if any regard were to be paid to the principle of self-determination, the wish of the Austrians could not be denied, they met with inflexible opposition. . . . This decision is open to grave criticism. If the world, under the League of Nations, is to be governed according to the principles of a new freedom, what could be a more crass violation of it than to forbid two portions of the same nationality from forming a union that is desired by both, especially when one of them bids fair to go to ruin without it?

The ruin that seemed imminent was averted only by periodic loans arranged by the League of Nations and guaranteed mainly by Great Britain. The last was in 1933 to be repaid by fixed annuities spread over twenty years, but it remains to be seen in what way the Reich will deal with the financial liabilities of its new member.

The Case of Czechoslovakia

THE "Big Four" programme, intended to prevent German expansion towards the East, embodied alliances between France and several of the Danubian States too weak in themselves to withstand the Reich. Now that Herr Hitler is dreaming of "realizing Germany's ideal frontiers," and has taken so suddenly and successfully such an important step in that direction as the absorption of Austria—bringing himself into immediate contact not only with Italy but also with Yugoslavia and Hungary, and almost surrounding western Czechoslovakia—that dream of his has become a source of renewed and growing apprehension in Central Europe. The situation is full of perplexity. If Herr Hitler decided tomorrow to march into old-time Austrian Bohemia—now called western Czechoslovakia on the map—in answer to an appeal from the Nazis there, one does not see who is to stop him. France and Russia are pledged to support the Czechs, but Russia has no effective means of coming to their aid and France would not attack Germany without Britain's help. Mr. Eden's declaration that "nations cannot be expected to incur automatic military obligations save for areas where their vital interests are concerned" has torpedoed once for all the idea of "collective security" as originally embodied in the League of Nations. We are back to the old diplomacy, and peace must be secured by direct negotiation and the removal of genuine grievances, so plentifully created by the carelessness (or malice) of Versailles. Nothing is more difficult than a revision of frontiers, since what is gained by one is necessarily lost by the other. But if permanent peace and good are obtained to counterbalance the loss, a sacrifice of territory may be well worth while. The State most in jeopardy is Czechoslovakia, some 22 per cent of whose inhabitants are Germans, gathered conveniently in homogeneous groups all round the western frontier. The Czech Government claims to have treated its German citizens fairly and promises them

further concessions. They are not newcomers: Germans have been in Bohemia for centuries, willing subjects of the Austro-Hungarian Empire before the break-up. Except for the new spirit of Nazi-ism they would probably not be causing trouble now. But it is the determined policy of the Hitler Reich to spread its racial Totalitarianism amongst Germans everywhere, and men imbued with that false creed make restless citizens under a Parliamentary regime. If the share in the Government and the measures of autonomy granted by the Czech leaders to their German groups do not satisfy them, it must be because Herr Hitler does not mean them to be satisfied.

World Disorder due to Paganism

THERE can be no peace for the world if great masses of its inhabitants embrace political systems which repudiate the elementary rights of human beings, rights derived from their immediate connexion with their Creator and the destiny to which He has raised them. Hence the existence of Atheistic Communism is recognized even by the Nazis as a universal menace to human welfare. *Even* by the Nazis, for by a strange mental perversion they cannot see that their system is morally as evil and subversive as that which rules at Moscow. If God is dethroned it matters little whether His throne is left empty or filled by some mere creature. This is so obvious to the rational observer that nothing but an obdurate political prejudice or an entire absence of religious faith can account for its being ignored. Alas! the world is full of instances of politics destroying faith. We learn that in Berlin there is a so-called Catholic Press Office devoted to propaganda in defence of Nazi-ism. It may, of course, be a lying Government device,¹ but we fear that there are Catholics who, blinded by the wonderful political restoration of Germany brought about by Herr Hitler, cannot see that that triumph has been paid for by the sacrifice of the country's soul. They have not been permitted to read the Holy Father's diagnosis of the regime in "Mit Brennender Sorge"; which is that of all educated Christians:

He who takes the race or the people or the State or the form of Government, or the bearers of the power of the State or other fundamental elements of human society—

¹ It is shown, in fact, to be bogus in *The Catholic Herald*, March 25th, p. 3.

which in the temporal order of things have an essential and honourable place—out of the system of their earthly valuation, and makes them the ultimate norm of all, even of religious values, and deifies them with an idolatrous worship, he perverts and falsifies the order of things created and commanded by God.¹

This is the final verdict of the Vicar of Christ on a political system essentially opposed to the truth of Christianity.

The Protests against Bombing

THE news that His Holiness has transmitted, through his representative with the Nationalist authorities, a protest to General Franco against the air-bombardment of Barcelona will be heard with relief by Catholics who have been taunted with "silence of the Vatican" about war-horrors which have aroused widespread sentiments of distress. No one can doubt that Pope Pius XI, like his predecessor Benedict XV, is doing what he can to mitigate the sufferings of war, and it may be that he has made this particular protest public because his previous one was not effective. All will rejoice if the present world-reprobation of bombing which, in the nature of the case, must be indiscriminate—it was worse in Shanghai not long ago, but China is a long way off—can only be made strong and sustained enough to force all Governments to combine to abolish *without any reserve* this particular form of assault. Books have been written on the Laws of War but the observance of such laws is conventional. The late War established the fact beyond dispute that no Power is likely to forgo any means of breaking the enemy's resistance simply because there is a "law of war" against it, and once a law is broken all subsequent violations are excused as reprisals. Towards the end of the Great War bombing of open towns was carried on as a matter of course. And, in spite of the indignation caused by the Barcelona bombing, *no modern Government would dare here and now to pledge itself never under any circumstances to resort to similar practices.* The very intensity with which our Government is urging air-raid precautions proves its conviction that indiscriminate bombing will be a main feature of the "next war." The only remedy is to forbid by universal agreement the

¹ "The Persecution of the Church in Germany," C.T.S., § 12.

manufacture, not only of bombing machines, but of aerial bombs. Or better still, to use common sense and forbid war! The Papal protest to the Spanish Nationalists was doubtless prompted by motives of prudence and humanity: it could hardly have passed judgment on the particular case where the law is uncertain and the facts are in dispute. In similar fashion our own Cardinal Archbishop has on two occasions publicly denounced deliberate attacks on civilians. The world is waiting for an authoritative moral decision from Rome on many practices peculiar to modern warfare, but especially on the point of how far the direct pursuit of military objectives can justify the unintended destruction of non-combatants.

Disillusionment concerning Red Spain

THE popular concern about the Barcelona bombings seems to spring in this country as much from political reasons as from humanitarian. Nothing can disabuse the Labour party of the notion that the Red Government represents the Spanish workers, and the Liberals, for their part, look on it as a Parliamentary democracy. And both are not a little swayed in its favour by the fact that it is wholly anti-Catholic. However, at last, its true nature, composition and aims are coming to light, in spite of the blinkers of bigotry and prejudice worn by the secularist Press; and the disappointment amongst the Leftists is correspondingly great. "Can we be certain," asks a writer in *The Times* (March 22nd), "that there is not a considerable body of opinion in our own country, including, of course, most Roman Catholics, who would like to see the triumph of Franco?"—a question which indicates that the certainty has hitherto been all the other way. The religious issue does not interest the majority, but there is another issue, not touching the soul but the pocket, regarding which it is coming to be realized that, in supporting Barcelona, people have put their money on the wrong horse. An illuminating statement in *The Times* of March 21st, by an ex-Chairman of the British Chamber of Commerce in Spain, gives solid facts to show that a Red victory would complete the ruin of British financial interests in the Peninsula, already grievously impaired by the predatory Soviet Government established there. The relative prosperity of Franco's Spain is recognized by all travellers, whilst the fact that on the Paris Bourse the Red peseta is only one-sixth

of the value of the other eloquently discounts the incessant and most unreliable Government propaganda. Moreover, the details of the new order, political and economic, established in Nationalist Spain which have been published in our papers, depict a well-ordered and fairly-prosperous country, such as has never been seen in the past, with many of the abuses which caused poverty, ignorance and discontent put under the ban of the law. Those who fancy that a Parliamentary democracy cannot be in friendly alliance with a Corporative State forget the striking example next door, where Great Britain has recently renewed old ties of friendship with Portugal—a country which has emphatically and successfully substituted corporativism for Parliamentary rule.

The I.L.P. amongst the Prophets

THERE was something pathetic in the letter of expostulation (*The Times*, March 10th) sent to Stalin on the eve of the last Soviet blood-purge by Mr. Maxton and other members of the I.L.P., begging him to spare his victims, "those tried revolutionists"—a phrase unintentionally apt—and describing the process by which he wrought their doom in terms that do credit to their humanity but hardly to their political sense. For there is nothing new about the Stalin technique; none of the previous leaders had scrupled to get rid of inconvenient adversaries by means, rightly described by the remonstrants in this case as "an outrageous travesty on the most elementary human rights and a bestial crime against the most fundamental advances towards social decency registered by mankind"—a charge the very incoherence of which argues its sincerity. Whatever pity the fate of these Soviet leaders might have evoked was much mitigated by the reflection that most of them were experiencing what they had pitilessly inflicted on others: they were being hoist with their own petard. But in what newsless realm have our I.L.P. folk been dwelling that they have never heard of the rivers of innocent blood shed at the inauguration and all through the murderous course of the U.S.S.R., the "recent developments" of which have so shocked them? The "liquidation" of thousands of clergy, of bourgeois, of kulaks; the forced labour camps in the Arctic; the Siberian exiles, the callous starvation of millions of peasants in the Ukraine—nothing of this apparently shook their faith in the U.S.S.R. as "the

vanguard of humanity marching towards a free, classless society." Their protest, then, came too late, not merely to save the prisoners—for the Russian ambassador did not forward it—but to save their reputation for political intelligence. But it adds one more to the many recent repudiations of Sovietism made by those who once believed in it.

Soviet "Prestige"

THE I.L.P. "cannot condemn with sufficient vigour methods and policies which are dangerously undermining the moral influence and political prestige of the Russian Revolution among the workers of the world." What moral influence that godless outbreak could ever have had we cannot guess, but its political prestige may be estimated by the quiet if not contemptuous rejection of M. Litvinoff's proposal to the League Powers to unite to take action against aggression, in view of what had happened to Austria and Lithuania. The present collapse of the League, lamentable as the failure of a great Christian ideal, is the more tolerable as it deprives the Soviet State of the opportunity of posing, as it was frequently apt to do, as the guardian and support of international morality.

The Freedom of the Press

THE first aim of a despotic ruler is to silence criticism and remonstrance. Hence in Totalitarian States the Press is speedily enslaved; it may print only what pleases the Government. Thus public opinion, that most useful check on arbitrary rule, is stifled in such States to the loss alike of ruler and subject. However, outside his jurisdiction the despot cannot muzzle the Press, and the more he is surrounded by adulation at home the more keenly he resents the criticism which reaches him from free countries. In such countries freedom of criticism is fostered, however it may on occasion be abused, and our rulers wisely assume insensibility to misrepresentation and even insult on the part of their critics for the sake of the useful counsel that it may convey to them. Latterly the Prime Minister has been the object of somewhat scurrilous attacks because, burdened with immense responsibilities, he refuses to be hustled by malicious adversaries bent on pushing their own nostrums, yet he preserves an un-

ruffled calm and merely laughs at the abuse that is thrown at him. Contrast the German Fuehrer who cannot keep off the subject of the foreign Press which dares to criticize his acts and aims, and which takes a less exalted idea of his policies than do the sycophants around him. We are well aware of what harm an irresponsible Press can do and has done: half the trouble in the world is due to lying rumours, and here the Press has for two years misled the public about Spain. But these are the drawbacks of liberty, and our case would be worse were the Press to lose freedom and the responsibility that goes with it.

The League of Nations Union

WE have occasionally noted and bewailed the fact that an organization founded on non-party lines to promote the cause of peace—the League of Nations Union—has of late years shown distinct tendencies to support the Left in politics, and thus made it difficult for Catholics who wish to work for peace to do so under its auspices. Now it appears from the Press that, as long ago as April 22, 1937, the Archbishop of Liverpool had withdrawn his support from the Union, presumably because of its patent breaches of political neutrality. Our readers will remember¹ that, towards the end of 1936, a determined effort was made by certain officials of the League to have it combine formally with the communist organization "The International Peace Campaign" and contribute to its funds. The attempt was defeated, but unofficial support of various communist peace-activities, engineered under the name of "Peace Weeks," continues and increases. The Union has taken occasion of the Spanish trouble to reveal its "Red" sympathies more openly, and its periodical, *Headway*, is openly on the side of the Spanish (Soviet) Government. In no very long time it will be impossible for any self-respecting and intelligent Christian to retain membership of an organization so wrongly and unfairly biased. It is a testimony to the efficacy of communist propaganda that it should have been able to twist so successfully not only the B.B.C. but the L. of N.U. to its subversive ends. It does not seem to strike the professing Christians who thus join hands with the Reds that both peace and religion must suffer from that evil association.

¹ See THE MONTH, November, 1936, "Communism and Peace," p. 406, and "Editorial Comments," p. 385.

Labour and Capital

THAT necessary preliminary to bringing about peace between Capital and Labour—the active association of both parties to promote their common interests and to remove causes of friction—has made greater progress amongst Catholics in France than in this country; naturally enough since Catholics there are more numerous and better concentrated. French Catholics have two long-standing Confederations, one of employers and one of workers, and these towards the end of last year agreed to form a permanent Committee of conciliation and arbitration, which should take as its moral standard of reference the social Encyclicals of the Popes. The difficulty of finding means of agreement on a merely material basis is so great that, in the United States, the two large Labour associations—"the American Federation of Labour" and "the Committee for Industrial Organization"—although they have the common object of improving the lot of the worker, are in violent conflict regarding means and methods, whereas by unity and patience they could wield irresistible power. But their aims are purely materialistic, and there is nothing spiritual in their methods. Long ago our Holy Father warned both Labour and Capital that peace lies in moderating, not in trying to satisfy, desire. "It is a grave error," said the Pope at Christmas, 1930, "to believe that true and lasting peace can rule among men, as long as they engage, first and foremost, in the covetous pursuit of the limited material goods of this world." Co-operation produces more and shares it more equably than competition. It is unregulated competition that causes the scandalous concurrence from time to time all over the world of over-production and under-consumption, destitution and surplus wealth. "There is nothing permanent," said Mr. Baldwin once, "but the folly of mankind," and nothing illustrates that folly better than its inability to see, in spite of reason and experience and divine teaching, that covetousness—the excessive desire of personal gain—is the root of every evil. And the reason for its blindness and its folly is this—that it has culpably shut its eyes to the goods of the next life which are lasting, and labours—and fights—for "the meat that perishes."

SIDE-LIGHTS ON NEWMAN

THE strains of "The Dream of Gerontius" come, as I write, over the air from the Three Choirs Festival; and one wonders how many hundreds of thousands of men and women, hearing its words to Elgar's music, whether in the great halls of London, Birmingham and the principal provincial and Dominion cities, have first met, in its piercing and ringing verses, the Catholic doctrine and expression of Purgatory taken out of the sphere of definition and related beautifully to a living human instance? Its hymn by the Choir of the Celestials, which we sing in church, has been said by Sir Oliver Lodge to contain more of the Christian creed and the truth of the Incarnation than any other. As for the personal verses (not a hymn) "Lead, kindly Light," excursionists for some reason habitually sing it at Wordsworth's grave under the hills at Grasmere, as many of our non-Catholic brethren do on any occasion when they are uncommonly moved.

The mere apologetic value to us Catholics of possessing Cardinal Newman is a continuing fact; he touches life, emotion and conviction still at so many points. For people of taste and letters, he is master of a prose which winds its way through senses and intellect to the heart by its exquisite movement and pure eloquence; and, now that the claims of great Victorian prose men—Ruskin, Pater, Carlyle, F. W. H. Myers, Froude, and Church—have been assayed, it is his which comes out the finest gold.

He influenced human society not merely at home or in Europe, but in more than one continent; not by personally mixing with it, but from his own withdrawn watch-tower. "Deliverance is wrought not by the many but by the few; not by communities but by persons"; this sentence of his also came home as I read a bundle of letters in his neat handwriting, the property of the son of their recipient who, meditating reception into the Church in the 'eighties, earned by that fact alone, though a total stranger to this Prince of the Church and of courtesy, the privilege of careful and intimate letters of guidance. He would put aside his writing or his favourite authors (these were Virgil, the Fathers, "the majestic Leo and Athanasius," Tacitus, Dryden, Dr. Johnson, Burke and

Scott) to give of his best to any perplexed inquirer. Mr. Chesterton saw in Newman "abnormal energy and abnormal sensibility . . . his triumphs are those of a highly sensitive man . . . his moral comment on the age is a protest of the rationality of religion against the increasing irrationality of mere comfort and compromise."

Since his time many, even the most unexpected types of men, not all of whom have entered the Church, have felt that in him they had, in no glib sense of the word, at once a guide, philosopher and friend; whose books could be taken up, according to their subjects, in a leisure hour for the luxury of intellectual entertainment, or for information, for apologetic and controversy, or for edification—for conviction of sin, judgment and things to come.

About this still fascinating figure, whose statue looks down upon the traffic of the road at Brompton, whose memory is still living at Oxford and Birmingham, there are some little known facts which, new to some readers, may be significant for all. The first of these concerns his race: he was not Anglo-Saxon, this supreme practitioner of our language, who, moreover, so thoroughly explored the recesses of the English mind! His father was of Dutch, but really of Semitic origin, whose name was once spelt Newmann; and his mother belonged to a French Huguenot family called Fourdrinier, who had long been settled in London as engravers and paper manufacturers. Newman the elder was partner in a banking firm and was a small landed proprietor in Cambridgeshire; was possessed of considerable general culture, and like his attractive son had an hereditary taste for music of which he possessed a practical as well as trained theoretical knowledge. John Henry was the eldest of six children, and when, years later, the bank failed, and the circumstances of the family changed for the worse, he was well able to stand alone. It served, nevertheless, as one of the early occasions upon which he tested, in his own experience, the truth to which he was ever sensitive and which goes like a leitmotiv through all his utterances: namely, the transitory nature of all things other than God and the soul. At the early age of sixteen he won a Trinity Scholarship of sixty pounds for nine years, having as contemporaries at Oxford Gladstone, Keble, Pusey, Whately, Richard Church, Hurrell Froude and, towards the end of that time, James Anthony Froude. At once his personality made itself felt, and his tutor only expressed what

many felt when, going up to Newman's father, he exclaimed : "Oh, Mr. Newman, what have you given us in your son !" While only twenty-one he became Fellow of Oriel, and led that group which has given to English literature its treasure of "Oriel prose."

All things came easily, as it seemed, to this divinely-endowed young man. Thus, already in youth he was placed on an equality with the highest University society and intelligence; how well, if ironically, he appraised it may be seen by any who will turn to his novel (not a success as a novel, though containing many a triumphant page of beauty and subtlety), "Loss and Gain." In the early twenties he was appointed curate of St. Clement's, then Tutor of Oriel and Vicar of St. Mary's, this last appointment being to him "like the feeling of spring weather after winter : I came out of my shell ; I remained out of it until 1841." There he gathered round him the flower of Oxford. Let us at this point behold him through the admiring eyes of J. A. Froude, the historian :

When I entered at Oxford, he was beginning to be famous. The responsible authorities were watching him with anxiety ; clever men were looking with interest and curiosity on the apparition among them of one of those persons of indisputable genius who was likely to make a mark upon his time. His appearance was striking. He was above the middle height, slight and spare. His head was large, his face remarkably like that of Julius Cæsar. I have often thought of the resemblance, and believe that it extended to the temperament. In both there was an original force of character which refused to be moulded by circumstances ; which was to make its own way and become a power in the world ; a clearness of intellectual perception, a disdain for conventionalities, a temper imperious and wilful, but along with it a most attaching gentleness, sweetness, singleness of heart and purpose. Both were formed by nature to command others, both had the faculty of attracting to themselves the passionate devotion of their friends and followers, and in both cases, too, perhaps the devotion was rather due to the personal ascendancy of the leader than to the cause which he represented. *Credo in Newmannum* was a common phrase at Oxford, and is still unconsciously the faith of nine-tenths of the English converts to Rome.

Froude, I should here explain, ventured that opinion some time in the 'seventies, and only about the Oxford converts. Newman's verse also cut deep into a few discerning minds, "unlike," as Froude found it, "any other religious poetry which was then extant." The lines had not the popular melody of "The Christian Year," yet

there was something in them which seized the attention and would not let it go. They pierced into the heart and mind and there remained. Here were thoughts like no other man's thoughts, and emotions like no other man's emotions. Here was a man who really believed his creed, and let it follow him into all his observations upon outward things,

so that while travelling in Greece it was not external show which impressed him but the conviction that the souls of classic times were still verily alive and morally accountable; "their spirits live in awful singleness, each in its self-formed sphere of light or gloom." Few, even of religious people, could habitually support the thought; yet it is true; and for Newman to accept a truth was thenceforth to perceive all things in the light of it. He was logical, realist and thorough: he was not, as I have said before, English of the English.

Conventional beliefs were by him quickened into startling realities.

He was himself [adds Froude] all that his poetry was, and something far beyond. He is supposed to have been "insidious." He was, on the contrary, the most transparent of men. He told us what he believed to be true. He did not know where it would carry him. His mind was world-wide. He was interested in everything which was going on in science, in politics, in literature. Nothing was too large for him, nothing too trivial, if it threw light upon the central question, what man really was, and what was his destiny. He was careless about his personal prospects: he had no ambition to make a career, or to rise to rank or power. Still less had pleasure any seductions for him. His natural temperament was bright and light; his senses exceptionally delicate. Though he rarely drank wine, he was trusted to choose the vintages for the college cellar.

Whereas Keble had looked into no lines of thought but his

own, Newman had studied modern thought and life in all its forms and with all its many-coloured fashions. And he was as generous with his results in talk as in writing—with the humblest undergraduate. He never tried to be witty or to say striking things; ironical he could be, but not ill-natured. Not a malicious anecdote was ever heard from him.

Prosy he could not be [adds Froude]; he was lightness itself, the lightness of elastic strength. The simplest word that dropped from him: was treasured as if it had been an intellectual diamond. From the pulpit he seemed to be addressing the most secret consciousness of each of us—as the eyes of a portrait appear to look at every person in a room.

The year 1941 will see the centenary of Tract XC, from the publication of which its author dates the Oxford Movement, and Principal Shairp says of Newman at this time that

a mysterious veneration had by degrees gathered round him till now it was almost as if some Ambrose or Augustine of older ages had reappeared. In Oriel Lane light-hearted undergraduates would drop their voices and whisper "There's Newman." When with head thrust forward and gaze fixed as though on some vision seen only by himself, with swift noiseless step he glided by, awe fell on them for a moment, almost as if it had been some apparition that had appeared.

He was already ripening for the decisive act of his life; and on the day when Renan put off the clerical habit, Newman, through Father Dominic, the Italian Passionist, was received into the Church, "long-loved, long-sought." Gladstone described the event as "a much greater event than the secession of John Wesley"; indeed, one of Gladstone's sisters followed the example. Disraeli years later called it "a blow under which the Church of England still reels."

And Kingsley! How many are aware of the cordial tribute of this frank if defeated controversialist to Newman? I think it a service to rescue the words, written in 1859, in his preface to the fourth edition of "Yeast":

I have said that Neo-Anglicanism has proved a failure, as seventeenth-century Anglicanism did. But is it so

great a sin to have been dazzled by the splendour of an impossible ideal? Is it so great a sin to have had courage and conduct enough to attempt the enforcing of that ideal, in the face of the prejudices of a whole nation? Are other extant ideals so very comprehensive? Does Mr. Spurgeon take so much broader or nobler views of the capacities and destinies of his race than that great genius John Henry Newman? If the world cannot answer that question now, it will answer it promptly enough in another five and twenty years.

Newman had been a Catholic for fourteen years when that public homage was paid to him by Charles Kingsley; and the words seem to be quite as important as that ill-guarded remark of his which elicited the superb self-defence of the "*Apologia pro vita sua*."

And meanwhile the most prominent advocate of culture in the English-speaking world, Matthew Arnold, hostile to Philistinism and insularity, spoke of Newman's possession of "a literary quality very rare in this country—urbanity," and of Newman himself as "a man never to be named by any son of Oxford without sympathy, a man who alone in Oxford of his generation, alone of many generations, conveyed to us in his genius that same charm, that same ineffable sentiment which this exquisite place itself conveys." He had "the lucidity of a large and centrally placed intelligence. . . In England there needs a miracle of genius like Shakespeare's to produce balance of mind, and a miracle of intellectual delicacy like Dr. Newman's to produce urbanity of style. How prevalent all round us is the want of balance of mind and urbanity of style!"

To recommend Newman's writings to beginners as models of classical, moderate and high-bred expression is to risk disappointment, for the very reason that here are no staring colours, no strident notes, no mannerisms. Harmony and continuity are qualities which do not leap out to the eye. The things for which naïve readers admire some authors—incessant epigram, restless brilliance, floweriness, brazen notes—the mature judgment sees to be faults. We can all smile regretfully at the "dressy" man or woman, because in dress we have standards; but the over-dressed or over-emphatic speech or composition is really a graver offence against decorum. The late Mr. Birrell thought the charm of Newman's

writing baffled description ; since it is hard to describe charm, though Arnold came near to it—

And what but gentleness untired,
And what but noble feeling warm,
Wherever seen, howe'er inspired,
Is grace, is charm?

Birrell found this style

pellucid, animated, varied ; it employs as its obedient and well-trained servant a vast vocabulary, and it does so always with the ease of the educated gentleman who by sure instinct avoids alike the pedantry of the book-worm, the forbidding accents of the lawyer, and the stiff conceit of the man of scientific theory. . . I have ventured upon a comparison between Burke and Newman. Both men, despite their subtlety and learning and super-refinement, their love of fine points and their splendid capacity for stating them in language so apt as to make one's admiration breathless, took very broad, common-sense, matter-of-fact views of humanity, and ever had the ordinary man and woman in mind as they spoke or wrote. His dignity, self-restraint and taste are all that the greatest stickler for the consumption of your own smoke could desire, and yet the personal note is frequently sounded. He is never afraid to strike it when the perfect harmony which exists between his character and his style demands its sound, and so it has come about that we love what he has written because he wrote it, and we love him who wrote it because of what he has written.

Writing from New College, Oxford, in 1890, in his preface to Tacitus, Arthur Galton used these words, which let us into another secret of the workshop :

It has been told of Cardinal Newman that he never liked to pass a single day without rendering an English sentence into Latin. To converse with Latin authors, to handle their precise and sparing language, is a most wholesome discipline ; and the most efficient remedy against those faults of diffuseness, of obscurity, and of excess, which are only too common among the writers of our day. It may have been to this practice that Cardinal Newman owed something of his clearness, and of his exquisite simplicity : and for his style, he should be

idolized by everyone who has a taste for literature. I have said many things in praise of the ancient authors: it pleases me, as I finish, to offer my humble tribute to an author who is quite our own; to one, who in all his writings, has bequeathed us perfect models of chaste, of lucid and of melodious prose.

Were I to invite any beginner to make trial of Newman's work, perhaps I should suggest that they took, as companion of their leisure for a few weeks, and above all for *re-reading*, his two short essays on the Benedictine Centuries; for these contain quiet, magic pools of country feeling and description, evocations of the effect of many generations upon religious Orders and their calm retreats, and pictures of their occupations and their character.

It was President Wilson who asked: "Who shall tell why even that part of Newman's prose which is devoid of ornament, stripped to its shining skin and running bare and lithe and athletic to carry its tidings to men, should promise to enjoy a certain immortality."

It is not widely known that the Cardinal retained through his Catholic days his early friendship with his admirer and partial disciple, Church, the Dean of St. Paul's, and even visited him in his home. And Church actually, in addressing congregations at St. Paul's, sometimes quoted the sermons of the Cardinal; there these quotations still are, in inverted commas, in his works. Moreover, the Dean's history of the Oxford Movement gives of course chief place to Newman.

Havelock Ellis, in a preface to Landor's works, appears to prefer the word music of Landor; but that arrogant if finely-sculptured prose has not Newman's flexibility or versatility. George Moore had the same preference, but was manifestly prejudiced on doctrinal grounds. How educated people were nourished on Newman from the 'sixties to the 'eighties and afterwards is shown by Mary MacCarthy in her "Nineteenth Century Childhood," where she depicts her mother—wife of the Provost of Eton—with his books always at hand, while her son teased her with Carlyle's ignorant misjudgment of him.

More remarkable is the prescience shown by that other great stylist, De Quincey. Writing in 1855 he describes "Mr. Newman" as a "master-builder"; and adds: "Development, as applicable to Christianity, is a doctrine of the very days that are passing over our heads, and due to Mr. Newman," who

seemed the most "likely to illuminate profound truths which dimly are descried. . . Is Newmanism likely to prosper?" He answers that twenty years before, he discussed this with Wordsworth apropos of Baptism; and foretold that on sacramental doctrine "many years will not pass before questions now slumbering will rouse a feud within the English Church. There is a quarrel brewing. . . Since then there has been open war raging. At present, with even more certainty, I prophesy that necessity will in a few years carry all Churches enjoying a learned priesthood into the disputes connected with this doctrine of development." And in a way De Quincey was again right. But he "intercepts a fallacious view of that doctrine, as though essentially it proclaimed some imperfection in Christianity. The imperfection is in us, the Christians, not in Christianity. Thus, daily and annually the sun is '*developed*' to us—runs a cycle of development. And this does not argue any change or imperfection, growth or decay, in the sun. Not otherwise in Newman's scheme of religious development; the Christian Faith and system are perfect from the beginning."

Or, as Newman himself put a cognate truth :

What the Catholic Church once has had, she never has lost. She has never wept over, nor been angry with, time gone and over. Instead of passing from one stage of life to another, she has carried her youth and middle age along with her, on to her latest time. She has not changed possessions, but accumulated them, and has brought out of her treasure-house according to the occasion, things new and old. She did not lose Benedict by finding Dominic; and she still has both Benedict and Dominic at home, though she has become the mother of Ignatius. Imagination, science, prudence, all are good, and she has them all. Things incompatible in nature, coexist in her; her prose is poetical on the one hand, and philosophical on the other.

Beauty and succinctness join in many such another passage, not least that upon the Society of Jesus,

in whose intellectual freedom its members justly glory; inasmuch as they have set their affections, not on the opinions of the Schools, but on the souls of men;

and he likens the Order to Jacob

the persecuted and helpless, visited by marvellous pro-

vidences, driven from place to place, set down and taken up again, ill-treated by those who were his debtors, and maligned when he is innocent, yet carried on and triumphing amid all troubles by means of his most faithful and powerful guardian archangel.

The old, decayed, and moribund world, into which Christianity had been cast, is drawn with that "sad earnestness and vivid exactness" which, in a famous passage, he says the spirit feels in the age-old words of his beloved Virgil.

According to Mr. Birrell, Walter Bagehot, of "Lombard Street" fame, "must have had the Parochial Sermons by heart. Two of the most famous, 'The Invisible World,' and the 'Greatness and Littleness of human Life, seem to have become incorporate with his innermost nature.'" They made him feel aloof from "that pleasure-loving, unaccountable world in which men spend their lives; but which the moment you get out of it seems so odd, that you can hardly believe it is real." Upon so many minds, and so various, had Newman an influence. And when, in 1890, he passed from this scene to his reward in that Real World for which he was always homesick—the nostalgia is felt in the very fall and tempo of his spoken and written style, in his simple Letters as in the elaborate "Dream of Gerontius"—R. H. Hutton wrote no more than the simple truth, as Englishmen everywhere felt it, when he said that here was "a white star extinguished, a hope vanished, a grace withdrawn"; one who loved God more than all creature consolations, and truth better than dear friends.

W. J. BLYTON.

EDITORIAL NOTE

All contributions submitted to the Editor must be typed and be accompanied by a sufficiently large stamped addressed envelope—stamps (or Post Office coupons from abroad) alone will not suffice. Articles so submitted should be concerned with matters of general interest, and be the fruit of expert knowledge or original research. They should not ordinarily exceed 3,500 words, and must be intended for exclusive publication in the "Month," if accepted. As a general rule, subjects dealing with the exposition of theology and ethics are reserved to the staff.

NATURE NOTES

I

A THRUSH'S SONG

AS faithful as the dawn itself, a song-thrush used to come to the same larch day after day, while the stars were struggling in the dim blue sky. His ringing notes seemed a cry of defiance at the departing night, which still lurked in grots and corners of the monastery garden: other songs gladden, but this glorious outpouring did more than that, it taunted you, imbued you with something of its own defiance.

Silhouetted in the loose network of branches, he poured out his song across the garden. His was no definite, continuous melody such as the blackbird utters, but a series of vehement phrases, crystal and intense. Head up, his upright carriage reflective of the tone of his song, he sang on, and at the end of each series of phrases he would pause, without relaxing at all, and seemed to be listening for an answering voice that might challenge his supremacy. It was wonderful what magnificence could be contained in the poise of one small bird. No other thrush answered, and he would resume his song while the stars faded in the bowl of the sky and the flush expanded behind the eastern trees.

Tirelessly he went on, with the strength and wildness of the missel-thrush, yet with a thrilling sweetness and variety of pitch that the other thrush does not achieve; I sometimes think the song-thrush sings best of all, because, as I say, he has both strength and sweetness. The blackbird's song is rich and melodious, but in it there is something of indolent satisfaction: she is the successful contralto aware of her artistry; and the nightingale is self-pitying to our ears and too often erratic; but the song-thrush, a soprano, sings too vehemently to have time to hark to himself (which the others seem to do), he flings out his tempest of phrases thoughtlessly and artlessly; we may like them or not, it doesn't matter to him.

When the seven stars had gone from the rooftree of the sky and the small bell for Prime was tolling, the thrush would grow abruptly silent and go dipping, always the same way,

over the gable of the bed-room to the lawn where he would cock his imperious head and listen for worms.

No bird had time for song now : the ring-dove that had been roused into croodling hoarsely by the quaver of a tawny owl, had hurried to the fields with the rooks; the robins that had dittered sadly about the mossy walls were with the thrush; all the birds were food-busy.

Three hours later, having satisfied that first urgent hunger, they began again. Sparrows brawled in the guttering, and from the pasture beyond the little plots of the monks came screwy cries of *ptyriche! ptyriche!* again and again. The young partridge cocks (handsome with their chestnut horse-shoes of good luck) were looking at the hens and shouting out their names in a barrage of explosive challenges. Hither and thither the cocks chased each other, legs hidden beneath plump brown bodies so that they looked like clockwork mice scuttling up and down. You would have thought there would be a furious battle of spurs at the end of each chase, but there never was: it was all a sham, for the pursued was never caught, and once, when a pair came scurrying towards me, they halted at the sight of me, turned and walked back sedately side by side, heads lowered, pretending to feed as they went, like two squabbling boys surprised by a master. They are very different from their relation the grouse of the moorland who hurls himself like a polished quartzstone at his rival and makes the feathers fly; and different, too, from a pair of cock blackbirds that came swooping past me grappling fiercely as they flew, to light in a hazel and tumble through the catkinne'd branches, swearing at each other all the while. They really meant business. The creaking challenges of the partridges was mere rhetoric!

All the birds were singing or fighting in the mild sunshine, even two wrens, tiny brown balls of energy and pugnacity, harried one another along the foot of the walls. They bounced and flitted more like little animals with prodigious leaping powers rather than winged creatures.

There was one bird whose flight was his song: above the marshy field below the Charterhouse, a snipe was drumming. Flitting and towering, fast he circled, silvered a moment as he tilted. Round and round he soared and glided; when he banked and shot earthward, as he did every now and then, the outer feathers of his tail were bent away from the rest, and the air, rushing through them, caused the kid-like bleat-

ing which, for me at any rate, is one of the best loved of all bird sounds.

At noon the thrush sang again from his perch in the larches that were tipped with green. The same crystal phrases, yet each repetition as thrilling and gladdening as the others. His voice echoed in odd corners of the gardens, and the monks, working in their little plots, paused and listened, leaning on their hoes.

Near him a starling clacked and bubbled, throat bearded and swelling, wings shivering as he strove so hard. Green and purple in the sun, his plumage was more beautiful than his song: there was something droll yet pitiful in his efforts, he was like some dumb wretch vainly trying to impress on you what he wanted to say.

The thrush sang best of all when the sun was looming behind the wooded knolls. He sang for more than an hour, while a fire of old apple boughs filled the air with such a fragrance that it seemed a crime to burn the wood. Ringing, urgent, he flung his peerless declaration across the darkening trees, so that you wondered that he could contain within himself all the intensity that was the fountain of the song. Often he was silent for minutes on end, then he would start again, all the more sweetly because of the silence.

The robins dittered half-heartedly under the mossy walls; the wrens churred in scolding undertones and shot through the dusk as if catapulted. Over the leafless branches a wind came hissing nearer: it was the noise of a thousand wings of starlings crowding in to roost. The whistling clatter rose in a seething chorus. The thrush sang through it all, and when at last, darkness on the gardens, they had settled into sleep, he was still singing, his song crystal and cleancut as the stars.

*Saint Hugh's Charterhouse,
Cowfold.*

II

THE RETURN

Far away at the foot of Cnoc-na-Faille, the Mountain-of-the-Wall, lay the monastery, dim and peaceful. A few hours later I would be sitting in the church, at Compline, listening to the quietly ardent voices of the community singing that most beautiful hymn of all, *Salve Regina*. The beauty of it ran through my mind as I trudged up the mountainside—the simple loveliness of the music, the cadence of the Latin,

Salve Regina, mater misericordiae, vita, dulcedo, et spes nostra, salve! . . .

But now the bleakness of the mountain seemed far removed from the peace and hospitality of Melleray (though it served to emphasize them). Snow lay thickly in the dark heather. South-east the Atlantic gleamed fugitively. A lake of mist lay in the valley of the Suir. Northwards, the Golden Vale of Tipperary stretched out in cheerless murk. The fields about the mountain's feet were rain-green and tiny, insignificant patchwork amongst the drear heather lapping hungrily about the stone walls that bounded every one of them. The moor was desolate and lonely, the deep-trenched, age-old tracks ran with ice-cold water, in whose peat-stained shallowness cool green mosses streamed. The silence of eternity and absolute-ness lay upon the mountain, a silence emphasized by the gleaming snow, intensely white against the black heather stems and the little stacks of peat. Only the trudge of one's own feet sludging up the tortuous stony tracks and the occasional clattering protests of a pack of grouse whirring on bowed wings low over the shoulder of a slope—otherwise silence. The moor seemed dead; there was an air of hopelessness about it (even the tousled, shapeless ewes, heavy in lamb, looked lost and bewildered as they moved discreetly away, clumsy in appearance, but nimble amongst the treacherous slopes); it seemed that nothing could ever live there, it was a barren land: well was it named Scrahan, the Wilderness.

When I went back, little more than a week later, past the white, dilapidated cabins of the folk whose life is a never-ending struggle against nature, and whose meagre lot is manifest in drawn cheeks and poor physique, there was a spirit of joyousness about the moor—a transformation had been wrought. The heather still rolled out just as monotonously dark and drear, the dull green of it evident only from a few yards, the wind whipped as keenly down the winding tracks, but the sun was warm and benign, he was waxing into his own, drawing life forth as he draws heat waves from the soil. And—the birds were coming back.

The voices of the moorland praised the sun: a vehement chorus of larks, ascending on shivering wings, their throats pulsating, their crests bristling, was the first sign of the re-awakening of the hill-side. Five of them I saw from my resting-place in a deep-gouged, trench-like track, shored up

in parts with slabs of rock and peat. And as I listened to the larks on the Mountain-of-the-Wall, I heard the long liquid bubbling cry of a curlew, coming from beyond the shoulder of the slope; for all I knew, one of the same curlew I had heard whistling in the estuary a few nights ago.

A long way down this slope, above a level ridge where thick-fleeced ewes placidly endured the vicious milk-buntings of totter-legged lambs, lapwings wailed. Their round, green wings, glossed with bronze and purple, bobbed and flickered as the birds dashed and hurtled madly in the ecstasy of their nuptials, mastering air and wind, without knowing how or why they did so. Their flight was a miracle of aerial control; down they would twist until it seemed inevitable that this wonderful control must falter and they dash themselves against the earth, but each time they would turn away with the agility of swallows—but their flight was maniac and impetuous, hectic, without the smooth curving beauty of the swallows.

A few golden plover had returned, too. The trilling love-song of one courting his mate came from nearby, and when I went round a bend of the track I saw him sweeping and tilting above her, invisible in the heather. He dropped down presently and ran from sight, and as I watched for him, six other "golden" beat steadily across the slope from the south-east. The sun burnished their lovely plumage, but they were only black to me against the light. The golden plover near me ran forward in the heather as he saw them. He called *luie luie*, evidently in welcome, but the little flock flew dumbly on and he relapsed into forlorn silence and stood on one leg, gazing after them. But then his mate ran towards him, and he forgot all about his disappointment, and went poising and calling through the heather.

His sweet sharp whistle was full of tenderness, but he lacked the passion of his cousins the lapwings. Mad in love, they flung and tumbled tirelessly, wailing their double bubble-cry, true voice of the moorland.

A curlew cried again, nearer, but still elusively out of sight, his long, liquid call, which other birds further away, one looking like a brown eyelash in the distance, answered faintly and reiterated—that thrilling cry of the estuaries, yet now just as true a voice of the moorland as well. Sandbank or heather, in what setting the cry is more appropriate it would be difficult to say. Each in its turn is piercing and somehow

gladdening, yet there is a difference: here on the moor the birds that come up from the estuaries for the nesting season regain their individuality. They are no longer mere units of a flock; each is a separate being, to himself and his mate the most important on the whole hill-side, crying out his spring joyousness, telling the tale of his love in his own way. While down in the winter estuaries the music of the sandbanks is stirring and beautiful, but it is the concerted music of flocks—there is the full note of contentment and food-excitement in that never-ending chorus, but it lacks the passionate intensity of the mating-song of the moorland.

And now that sweet music of the sandy gutters that the invading tide creeps up—the curlew's wild, clear call, the liquid whistle of the grey plover, the bark of the godwit, the purr of numberless dunlin, the triple note of the whimbrel, the yelp of the restless redshank—will be waning, the estuaries will be left to the immature birds and those who are not nesting. Spring, the tormentor of spirits, has dashed into their midst as a sparrowhawk into a flock of finches, scattering them with wild cries far and near to the hills and the marshes and the "hags" where the yellow-powdering bog-myrtle grows, though cries not of alarm and anguish, but of ecstasy and challenge.

I put away the glasses and continued up the steep, stone-littered track which, turning abruptly, took me across the slope and within sight of the whaup whose crying I had heard loudest of all. He went away in quick gull-like flight. His *kour-lee* changed to a cry of warning and complaint, a loud *whoo-ee woo-wee*, which another bird took up. They went on complaining until I was well away in the wine-clear air of the "tops." Perhaps they were pretending they already had three or four eggs to watch over amongst the cotton-grass and the crowberry.

Mount Melleray Abbey.

III

NURSERY DAYS

The very sound, dry and whirring, of the sheep-shearing machine made you feel hot. Wool frothed over the gnarled expert hand of the shearer. Apple-blossom floated gently down from lichen-boled trees on to new-shorn, naked-looking ewes, browsing in unaccustomed comfort. All at once, fowls in the paddock down across the brook set up a strident clamour

of fear; the shearers paused, glanced through the trees, and there, fifty yards from us was a vixen in the very act of seizing a leghorn. We shouted, the fox hesitated, but caught the hen which, squawking and flapping, while the rest herded together in an hysterical mob, she bore off by the tail, for flustered at being discovered, she had not had time to seize her prey by the neck. Up hill she made as best she could, hampered by the struggling fowl. Shouting, my friends went hurrying through the orchard and the vixen paused again, glanced back, dropped her burden and loped away into a hedge. Meanwhile, the hen, lacking her tail and many other feathers, half scuttled, half flew to her panic-stricken kindred.

Two hours later I was toiling up Higher Hill in search of the cubs that must inevitably be somewhere near. Speculating on their whereabouts, I decided to cast along the fringe of Zoggins, a clover-field on the brow of the hill. Not far gone I came to a wide patch so trampled that I thought a cow had got loose, but as I halted, something moved half a dozen paces away, and there they were, four cubs playing noiselessly except when one of them pulled another over and together they rolled and rustled in the clover, chewing each other's ears and kicking with their paws.

Now, though I had been unable to walk silently through the tall crop-edge, the cubs were only vaguely aware of my approach, and it was obvious that they had not yet learnt to use eyes or ears properly. They stared with unseeing eyes in my direction, trotted round uncertainly and then continued playing, with me in full view against the scrub of rose and bramble and blackthorn which concealed their home. They were a very late litter, or, as some of the older folk say, a dog-rose litter, for May was almost past. They were little more than a month old.

They went on with their desultory play, scrimmaging in the clover, dragging one another down like puppies and biting, with a preoccupied air, whatever part presented itself, small brush or muzzle or paw. At first they were not over-eager to play and spent much of the time roaming restlessly about or, squatting down, scruffing frantically at their ears, eyes narrowed, mouths drawn back in the semblance of a grin. Early though the hour was, I could see from their restlessness that they were awaiting the return of the vixen.

One of them was interested in something white which I could not make out, it was the wrong shape for a bone. He

gnawed it happily, forsaking it only when a bumble-bee lighted in the clover; his ears pricked up at the drone of quivering wings; he turned his sharp head this way and that in puzzlement, then, drawing his supple body into an arch, leapt up and down, with all four paws together, on the unfortunate bee, trapped in the clover.

While he was thus occupied, another cub filched the white thing, but the owner spied him and a grand romp ensued in and out of the clover until the thief was caught. They stood up to each other like puppies, then, tumbling, were joined by the others, and all merged into a dark woolly mass of kicking, scruffing paws and large heads. They rolled and ragged and floundered with breath-taking flumps, they snarled in muffled tones and uttered *ilps* of protest as baby teeth found a mark. Then they broke apart, sorted themselves out, and sat panting, heads cocked, eyeing one another with expressions of mingled mischievousness and puzzlement, their small masks comically worried. Their well-fed bodies flopped loosely, untidily, as if made of nothing but flesh.

Meanwhile, the wind, slight, unable to make up its mind, began to disturb them, for though eyes and ears were not yet accustomed to the world, their nostrils did not fail them.

One of the cubs especially was aware that something was wrong. He threw off the one who was lying on top of him and trotted towards the brambles. However, the rest continued to play and he returned, though uneasily. Even when he joined in the loose-limbed, quiet scrawming his nose still wavered. If they could wind me I could certainly wind them, for their not very pleasant taint was evident all over the trampled clover.

Another hue and cry began over possession of the white plaything. A cub came trotting proudly towards me, head high, intending to elude his pursuers by entering the cover through another run. Three paces away, the wind—faithful ariel of the wild—warned him. He halted, quested the air, while the others crowded behind him, sniffing intently, yet none used his eyes.

Then they went; the nearest one dropped his prize, turned, pushed past the others and followed by them, slunk rapidly, silently, through the clover into cover.

So close had he been that I could pull the white object towards me with my stick. It was a crust of bread. Had the vixen picked it up during a raid on some fowl-run to provide

her cubs with a plaything? People who know little of the wild would scoff at the suggestion. But animals have a much more conscious conception of play than we realize. It forms as integral a part of their lives as it does in ours.

Making the best I could of the wind, I went and lay in the standing clover at the edge of the play-ring. I waited there an hour and a half and began to wonder whether I was merely keeping the cubs in. While I was debating what to do, something white came bobbing along the fringe of the field on the left. I thought it was a poaching dog. It was the vixen carrying a white fowl. How glad I was I had not gone!

The vixen set the fowl down a yard or two from the bushes and uttered a quiet cry, best described as half-whine, half-yap. At once a cub appeared, seized the fowl, but before he could make away with it the others emerged and a brief, frenzied struggle took place which had to be seen to be believed: all four literally flung themselves on the bird and tore her limb from limb, while white feathers burst out over clover and dog-roses.

In a matter of seconds from the time the vixen set her kill down and called her cubs out, there was nothing left of the hen but a scruffle of feathers and a wing, too meatless to bother about. The cubs had slipped off into cover, each with his share. The vixen had gone, too, perhaps to rest until she was ready to do some hunting on her own account, though it would not be long before the cubs were ready for another meal.

The farther side of the hedge was a literal shambles. I counted the distinct remains of a dozen fowls. The hunt will have to meet many claims for hen-money; this was the fifth litter of foxes I had found within a radius of a quarter of a mile. The farmer I am staying with lost forty hens in one night a week ago. Nature is beautiful but ruthless.

Kilve.

ALAN JENKINS.

COMMUNIST CAMOUFLAGE

THE communist-wolf nowadays is not particular about the fit of his sheep's clothing: his diplomacy is far from secret; his Trojan horse simply rattles with concealed weapons. He thinks either that the bourgeoisie is incredibly stupid or that his projects somehow reach only the minds of his own party. Anyhow, he tells his enemies openly that, henceforth, he will attack them indirectly as well as directly, however much the methods clash. He will form "cells" of gradual corruption in the various bodies he wishes to disintegrate. He will permeate—and he *has*—the Peace Movement; he will enrol himself in the military forces; he will win strong positions in the ranks of labour; he will even camouflage his most essential note, his hatred of religion, in order to persuade those who hunger and thirst after Christian justice that he too feels the same urge to banish wickedness and oppression.¹ These are his projects, for he makes no secret of them; trusting, as we have suggested, to the extreme gullibility of the thoughtless and uneducated, or himself foolishly hoping that his disguise is complete. In these pages from time to time attention has been called to his success. The progress, for instance, of the International Peace Campaign shows that few, except some vigilant Catholics, even recognize, much less oppose, his influence there. As long ago as June, 1935, *THE MONTH* called attention to the infiltration of communist ideals observable amongst Catholic workers in Belgium and France. We do not know whether that scandalous Parisian paper *Terre Nouvelle* still survives: it was then doing much harm by advocating, in defiance of Papal instruction, an alliance between Catholics and Bolsheviks in the interests of Labour. However, the communist net has happily been spread in vain in the sight of most Catholics, as the recent efforts of the General Secretary of the Communist Party in France, M. Maurice Thorez, who, like Mr. Pollitt, is a member of the Moscow Comintern, have conclusively demonstrated. Yet the Marxian ideology

¹ That is why Mr. Harry Pollitt who, we believe, is a member of the Comintern, welcomed at a recent meeting of "The Left Book Club" the formation of a branch of the organization under the Dean of Canterbury to be called "The Christian [Left] Book Club."

is so futile and false that the effort to link it up with something sound must needs be continued; moreover, the deadly exposure it has suffered at the hands of the Pope calls for repeated attempts at refutation by communists, so that it may be well to place on record the details of Thorez's enterprise and its failure.

The alliance between Catholics and communists is necessary; it is possible; it is on the way to becoming reality. It simply demands mutual good faith, a mutual spirit of tolerance.¹

This was the Marxian's open bid, not, clearly, lacking in audacity, considering the explicit Papal warnings: and the publication of this speech by the noted French Bolshevik in the English *Labour Monthly* is an indication that our native communist is alive to the importance of trying to destroy Catholic hostility.

The form of the invitation is interesting and merits careful study. On the surface, the gesture of the "proffered hand" ("la main tendue")—so named from a phrase in the appeal "for a brotherly alliance and a wholehearted collaboration between communists and Catholic workers" which was put forward by the French Communist Party in a broadcast from Radio Paris more than a year before (April, 1936)—suggests a radical change from the symbolism of the "clenched fist," a brotherly feeling towards Catholics and therefore towards religion. But is that appeal genuine? Is it *honest*? The question does not simply concern the aims of M. Thorez or of his French "Comrades": the question is: Does the "Programme of the Communist International" still stand, or has it been thrown overboard? If it still stands, then the appeal and the speech must be judged in relation to that Programme. If M. Thorez desires to throw overboard the official Programme of his Party, let him say so. Then we may begin to believe. As things are, there is an utter incompatibility between the gesture of the outstretched hand and the Programme of the Comintern.

Communism, we maintain, is too wrong in principle and has too black and bloody a record for a few soft words to deceive any but the most ignorant and gullible. Perhaps M.

¹ From the speech of Maurice Thorez, October, 1937, and printed in *The Labour Monthly*, February, 1938.

Thorez made his speech for the gullible in France and *The Labour Monthly* has printed it for the ignorant in England. No other explanation of the extraordinary mixture served up in this discourse of truths, half-truths, exaggerations and distortions, and of statements which suggest that the Communist Programme has been rescinded and abolished, seems adequate to account for it.

For ten pages out of eleven the tone of the speech is moderation itself. It must have cost M. Thorez a great effort. So great, indeed, that it could not be sustained; for the eleventh page is full of the old familiar Red vituperation, and reveals M. Thorez once more as the exponent, not of the outstretched hand, but of the better-known clenched fist. Spain, as might be expected, is too much for him, and his reaction to the fight for Catholic freedom wholly undoes all his efforts to placate Catholics. General Franco, leader of the Spanish Nationalist movement against the communist comrades of M. Thorez in Spain, is the assassin of women and children, the destroyer of Guernica, that "sanctuary of Basque traditions"; he is the "criminal," the "traitor," the "forsworn officer who would like cover for his crimes against the Spanish people in the mantle of religion."

Here speaks the real Thorez, the genuine fanatical communist; incapable of perceiving truth opposed to his prejudices, ready to swallow any lies that feed them, and purposely blind to the terrible record of Communism's savage misdeeds in Spain since 1931—the injustice in which the "Republic" was founded, the Asturian revolt against moderate government in October, 1934, with its tale of atrocities; the four hundred churches destroyed between February and July, 1936, while his own friends of the People's Front were in office; the 300,000 layfolk murdered for their political ideas or for their religion in that part of Spain which is called Red; the 22,000 persons assassinated in Madrid during the first three months of the war.¹

We imagine that most of those whom M. Thorez is anxious to placate will prefer the verdict of their fellow-Catholics, the Spanish Bishops—"There is no hope of our regaining justice and peace and the blessings that derive from them save in the triumph of the Nationalist Movement"—a phrase which should open the eyes of those misguided Catholics who speak of "a peace of reconciliation."

¹ Joint Letter of the Spanish Bishops, C.T.S., p. 17.

The anxiety of M. Thorez, earlier in his speech, to dispel the fears of Catholics in the matter of religion suggests that he is not so sure of his ground. So he bluffs as follows :

Particularly in what concerns religion we intend to follow the counsels of Engels, of Lenin and of Guesde, who warned us against the "slightest affront to the workers' religious convictions."

This scarcely tallies with the sentiments of the Programme of the Communist International, to which M. Thorez, as a communist, is committed :

The religious-sectarian tendency among the working class finds expression in religious-sectarian trade unions. . . . By sanctifying all the abominations of the capitalist regime with the holy water of religion, and by terrorizing their flocks with the spectre of punishment in the world to come, the leaders of these organizations serve as the most reactionary units of the class enemy in the camp of the proletariat (p. 51).

Perhaps M. Thorez has some way of explaining that this false and foolish analysis of the Christian Faith is not really "an affront to the workers' religious convictions." But even if he were equal to this task he would surely be beaten by passages on p. 38, where the Catholic worker is told that religion is "the dope of the people" and later, how, under the Soviet system which the speaker desires to introduce, "the State carries on anti-religious propaganda *with all the means at its command*" (italics ours). We have some idea of what these "means" are by now. His comrades in Spain, acting in their spirit, have let M. Thorez down badly :

. . . many had their limbs amputated or were terribly mutilated before being put to death; their eyes were gouged out or their tongues cut out; they were ripped open, burned or buried alive, hewn to death with axes. The greatest cruelties of all have been practised against the ministers of God.¹

Still hoping to gain the support even of the clergy, M. Thorez, the optimist, quotes Lenin as "admitting the possibility of accepting the entry into the Party not only of 'all workers who still retain faith in God' but even of the priest,

¹ Joint Letter of the Spanish Bishops, C.T.S., p. 17.

on the one obvious condition that 'he comes to co-operate with us in our work, conscientiously performs party work, and does not oppose the Party programme' "—more shortly, if he acts not as an apostle but as an apostate. After this, one feels bound to revise one's estimate of M. Thorez's aim. He does not speak for the ignorant or the gullible but for the imbecile. In face of the holocaust of priests in Soviet Russia during the twenty years of Bolshevism; in face of the cold-blooded, brutal, premeditated and calculated murder of 6,000 secular priests alone in Spain;¹ not counting the unknown thousands of members of religious Orders done to death; in face of the destruction of 20,000 churches and chapels in that country at the instigation of or directly by members of the Communist Party,² M. Thorez apparently still can harbour the fancy that priests can be found who will be ready to "co-operate in the work" of Communism and not to "oppose the Party Programme," a document which explicitly affirms that the "new culture" of atheistic Communism "will bury for ever all religion. . ." How have these ministers of religion whose collaboration M. Thorez thinks possible been treated by his friends in Spain?

They have been hunted with dogs, pursued over mountains, and savagely searched out from every kind of hiding-place. They have been killed as a rule without trial, and on the spot, for no other reason than that of their function in society. . . For the sake of respect and charity we prefer to give no further details.³

Throughout his speech, M. Thorez proves himself a past-master in the art of misquotation. He quotes passages even from Papal Encyclicals, but so divorced from their context as to give the impression that they support his Bolshevik views: to such ludicrous lengths is he willing to go to beguile his "Catholic friends." In a series of magisterial pronouncements, summed up and re-emphasized in the Encyclical "Divini Redemptoris," the Vicar of Christ has proclaimed the entire incompatibility of Atheistic Communism with Christianity; that it is intrinsically evil is shown by its fruits, ever since it became prominent in the Russian "Red October," in 1917, with its million "executions," and was displayed anew by Bela Kuhn in the days of the Hungarian

¹ Joint Letter of the Spanish Bishops, C.T.S., p. 17.

² *Ibid.*, p. 16.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 17.

"Red Terror";¹ by the Mexican tyrants with their further record of butchery and demoralization,² and by the Soviet assault on Catholic Spain.

With the words of the Pope in his ears and with the spectre of this record standing by his elbow, M. Thorez has the effrontery to suggest that alliance between Catholics and communists "simply demands mutual good faith, a mutual spirit of tolerance"!

"Good faith" and "a spirit of tolerance" are words which every genuine communist had better dismiss from his vocabulary, for there is no such thing as "good faith" in his philosophy. Russia to-day is proof. A system which rules out God and the moral law can find no use for the *thing*, therefore no use for the word—save as a word intended to deceive. It is well that the conciliator himself, stupidly blind to the effect of his words, should remind us, at the conclusion of his speech, of the new communist policy of the United Front, well named by its inventor, Dimitrov, the policy of the Trojan Horse—a policy of intrigue, falsehood, pretence and deception.

And when he speaks of "a mutual spirit of tolerance" what does he mean? On page 18 of the "Programme of the Communist International" we are told that "The ultimate aim of the Communist International is to replace world capitalist economy by a world system of Communism. Communist society, the basis for which has been prepared by the whole course of historical development, is *mankind's only way out*" (italics ours). And on the next page it is explained how this new "world communist society," this "new culture," will "*bury for ever all religion. . .*"

There is no tolerance but bitter and resolute hostility in these declarations. If Communism is mankind's *only way out* then Communism cannot tolerate that Catholicism which declares with emphasis that Communism is not only *not* the only way out but is, in effect, no way out at all, except to chaos and destruction. Two mutually contradictory systems cannot be mutually tolerant. It would be as sensible to ask the fire to be tolerant of water.

Of course, M. Thorez utilizes his opportunity to gloss over

¹ In the course of 133 days of power Bela Kuhn is credited with 600 murders. Before that, some 70,000 people in South Russia met their death by violence at the order of this "comrade" of M. Thorez.

² "Red Rule in Mexico," by Rev. J. Philips, S.J., Australian C.T.S. Record, October 30, 1936.

the communist guilt in Spain, and tries to make it appear that the whole Spanish trouble is due to the hated fascist Governments of Berlin and Rome and their "servile instruments" in other countries. These "very carefully prepared" the Spanish affair "from the winter of 1935 onwards." Does M. Thorez not know what was happening to Spain before 1935? Or does he wilfully ignore the past? He ignores 1931, with its church-burnings and repeated attacks upon the consciences and religious life of the people at the instigation of Moscow, whose agents were already setting up revolutionary militias in Spanish towns and villages. In 1931 the Godless League, with whom doubtless M. Thorez would expect Catholics to collaborate, had already debated "the future uses to be allotted to churches and presbyteries" in Spain. In 1931 the new Spanish constitution which permitted these things had been devised by a committee the chairman of which, Jiminez de Asua, had just returned from a long sojourn in Russia, during which period the XII Plenum of the Executive Committee of the Communist International, sitting in Moscow, had welcomed the report that "the prerequisites of a revolutionary crisis are being created at a rapid pace in Spain."¹ Let us briefly recall the process.

In 1931 churches and convents were being burnt by communists in Spain. Was this due to the machinations of Rome or Berlin? Was this a manifestation of "mutual tolerance"?

In 1932 a Soviet Republic was proclaimed at Sollana, in Alicante. Will M. Thorez tell us which of Rome's or Berlin's "servile instruments" was responsible?

In 1934 occurred Soviet revolutions in the Asturias and Catalonia which, during their brief existence, wrought diabolical outrages.

1935 is rather late in the day to look for the causes of the Spanish civil war. The aim of the Communist International, we know, is a world system of Communism. In its Programme dated 1929, in the section dealing with the "Period of Transition," and in the chapter on "The struggle for the world dictatorship of the proletariat and the principal types of revolution," special reference is made to Spain. Thus we know that Russia had designs on Spain six years before the date rather unwisely chosen by M. Thorez. By 1935 Dimitroff had devised his United Front tactics. In the same year

¹ "Communist Operations in Spain," by G. M. Godden.

this was urged upon the workers of Spain under the guise of the People's Front. And in the same year the VII World Congress of the Communist International in Moscow cheered the attempted communist insurrection in Spain the previous October and applauded "*the fight for Soviet Government*" in the Asturias.¹ M. Thorez knows or ought to know that Moscow, not Rome or Berlin, was responsible for the Spanish tragedy.

The Labour Monthly should re-read the Letter from Cardinal Verdier which it quotes as introduction to the speech of M. Thorez. There is one word in that Letter which has significantly been ignored, *The Labour Monthly* preferring to place an entirely different interpretation on the Letter by emphasizing what it does *not* say.

The Labour Monthly says: "The measure of response to this appeal [the "outstretched hand" appeal] has been such that last month Cardinal Verdier, in a Pastoral Letter, issued an answer from Pope Pius XI *which significantly does not exclude co-operation between Catholics and communists* [*italics ours*], but states:

If this gesture of the outstretched hand from your side expresses the wish to become better acquainted with your Catholic brothers, in order to give better respect to the religion which inspires them, to their convictions, their feelings, their works, then the Church will not refuse to carry out this work of *enlightenment* . . . and you will speedily recognize that this can contribute greatly to the happiness of all."

What is here offered is *enlightenment*, not *co-operation*. And one fears that the only conclusion to be drawn from *The Labour Monthly's* emphasis on what the Letter and the Pope do *not* say rather than on what they *do* say, is that *The Labour Monthly* is faithfully co-operating with M. Thorez and Comrade Dimitrov in the deceptive tactics of the Trojan Horse.

The Pope and Cardinal Verdier offer "enlightenment"; when M. Thorez and his comrades show willingness to accept that offer simply and solely in the spirit in which it is made, and give up attempting to interpret it as opening the way to *co-operation* between Catholics and communists, then, and

¹ *Ibid.*

not till then, shall we feel inclined to regard his outstretched hand with less suspicion. But until they realize that it is *this*—their willingness to learn from the Church—and this only that can “contribute greatly to the happiness of all,” the plain and explicit words of the Pope stand as the rule and the law for all Catholics:

See to it, Venerable Brethren, that the Faithful do not allow themselves to be deceived! COMMUNISM IS INTRINSICALLY WRONG, AND NO ONE WHO WOULD SAVE CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION MAY GIVE IT ASSISTANCE IN ANY UNDERTAKING WHATEVER.¹

T. W. C. CURD.

¹ Encyclical on Atheistic Communism.

Joseph of Arimathea

WHEN you came over the hill, seeing the cross,
When you stood stark at its foot, riven by pain,
Pain that had birth in fear. Knowing your loss,
Was it then you thought of your garden's infinite gain?

Was it then you thought of the tomb, knowing the need,
Need of His friends for a place wherein He might lie
Safe in a garden's peace where the lilies feed,
And morning wakens the birds to ecstasy?

When you came down from the hill, the secret spent,
Dead with His death on the cross your sorrowful pride;
When the sacred body you bore by Pilate's consent
To the sepulchre none had known in the rocks white side;

When you came over the hill and against the sky
Seeing a naked cross, its burden gone:
Could you know that its arms would encompass eternity
And the name of your garden live while the world rolls on?

M. WINTER WERE.

THE FIRST GOOD FRIDAY

"ST. GRWST doesn't believe in anything!" said one of the party. All of them were painters—Dent who was rather old-fashioned and academical in his work, St. Grwst the illustrator, a red-bearded youth, Bloc, half-Scottish, half-French, obviously Left, and Gatty. No one knew exactly what the latter did, but it seemed to pay well. The meeting-place was a restaurant in the neighbourhood of Montmartre, not far from their respective studios.

"Aren't you glad to be free from superstitions, St. Grwst?"

"Not at all. I wish I had some beliefs!" The words were vehement. They stared at him.

St. Grwst went on with a sort of savage moodiness: "If one believed in the devil one could at least sell one's soul and have a jolly good old time—I would, by Jove!"

"You're drinking too much," said Dent. The joke seemed to have jarred him. "We shall have to carry you home, St. Grwst."

"Fancy not believing in the devil! You would if you'd only read Baudelaire with sufficient attention. Anyhow, an appeal to him is never without its effect, I'm quite sure." Gatty smiled, his eyes fixed upon his plate. It was impossible to guess the thought that was hidden under those downcast lids of his. Then suddenly: "Excuse me, I think I'll make a 'phone call, I'll be back in a moment, though."

St. Grwst paid no attention. Let 'em babble as they liked. Incredible, he was thinking, that he could ever have taken any human being seriously. Disillusionment to last a lifetime was his. Could it have been only that same afternoon? The trees along the boulevards were shedding their foliage in drifts. He had noticed how the leaves of the planes kept their star-shapes in a patterned Milky Way under his feet on the wet pavement. He had trodden lightly, because of their beauty and the sheer physical delight of living.

"O mon Dieu, quels diamants de tendresse, quel baiser de lumière, mettez-vous sur ces pauvres enfants."

"Pour leur faire oublier la douceur de vivre et tous les verts plaisirs frères de leur jeunesse?" Who would ever wish to die, he had thought, while he waited in the autumn sunshine. Even if there were another life, what could compensate for

this that he knew? What diamonds of tenderness, what kiss of light, for the sun and the wind, for the homeliness and solidity of blood and muscle and bone; the accustomedness of his mind's known ways of working? (The air had been like wine that afternoon.)

Words brought him from his reverie. The conversation was still going on. Gatty who had returned was saying: "As to making a pact with the devil, the authentic formula is to deny God being the Creator of all things. To abhor the name of Christian and renounce Christianity, baptism, the commendations of the Church, and the Sacraments—a lot more. I've forgotten. You sign it with your blood, of course."

"Gatty's inventing. Aren't you, Gatty?"

"On the contrary. You can see for yourself. There's an original in the Library of Upsala, written by Daniel Salthenius who sold himself to the devil. Necromancers aren't extinct nowadays either."

Their presence faded away from St. Grwst's consciousness as he slipped back again into that past of the afternoon already, it seemed, remote. He had waited about walking up and down, up and down the Luxembourg Gardens till he could wait no longer. He saw himself going home, worrying, wondering. Why hadn't the appointment been kept? He saw himself reading that letter, every word of which he knew by heart now, left with the *concierge* for him, shattering everything. The *concierge* must have guessed. The man's smile made him feel sick when he thought of it. The only way was to forget. His pride would help him.

Dent got up. "I've a model this evening. I must be off. Come on, St. Grwst." There was a general pushing back of chairs, but St. Grwst remained staring obstinately and abstractedly in front of him. Forget. Of course anyone has a right to prefer someone else if they want to—besides he might have known what to expect from "a fickle and changeable thing"—but one could play fair. One need not act like a—? He sought for a hard word, the hardest he could think of, for he was young and his vanity (more than anything) had been cut to the quick.

Gatty lingered. "The freshness of this fine evening is particularly pleasant," he remarked sententiously. "Will you walk back with me?"

"Oh, shut up. Let me alone, will you?"

"*Mon cher*, seriously, I've news." He leaned over confidentially. "Someone with influence is anxious to meet you with a view to an important commission, and he's coming along to see you at once. The work is—well, as a matter of fact, it's anti-God, but I'm sure you won't mind, not now. I said so, to secure you the order. There's a time for everything." Waiving thanks he continued to whisper volubly into St. Grwst's ear as they left the restaurant. "He may be waiting for you."

There was something strangely indefinite, like a figure made of softened wax, so it seemed to St. Grwst trying to sum him up, in the personality of this prospective client who arrived a few minutes after himself at the door, and having given a card with a commonplace name, which might not have been his own, came to the point at once. It was not work that everyone would undertake. Gatty had explained that it was anti-God?

St. Grwst did not care, he said. He had been brought up without religion. Had never thought about it. Reassured, the stranger went on: the drawings, then, must be clever—not blatantly atheistic propaganda—subtle, insidious. Above all they were to discredit the chief events in the life of that Man, the Christians' God. St. Grwst, since he did not believe in anything, would not object to attacking, to vilifying that Man? Would he?

"But you believe? You believe yourself that He was God?" Something in the stranger's tone brought the words from St. Grwst, in spite of himself.

"*Would one hate, if one did not believe?* But that is beside the question." The voice was smooth again. "Ah, an interesting drawing, I see." He then, with the air of a connoisseur, went to the wall and examined it at length, disregarding the impatience of St. Grwst who wished that his client would finish what he had to say and go. Better not to undertake this work, perhaps.

The atmosphere cleared, however, when the said client began to propose extravagant terms if his commission were carried out satisfactorily. He had influence (Gatty had said so, St. Grwst remembered). Commissions would follow, he could promise; and other things. Glasses were brought out at that point and with all the lights in the studio switched on, they drank to the success of the undertaking, while St. Grwst saw his future, typified by an allegorical figure, rather like one

of Rubens's, with a cornucopia, floating before him in a nebulous halo of gold.

When his client left finally, the young painter felt in a fever. His face was flushed. Ideas came crowding upon him. Let him show, by this work, how little he cared for the whole world, for *anyone*. Irresolutely after having watched the stranger disappear into the night, he stood in the doorway. The sky was beautiful with stars. It was still early. Since he would need information (he realized suddenly that he knew nothing about the subject which the drawings were to represent) it might not be a bad notion to go now and have a talk with old Lagrange, a good fellow, though a bit of a religious maniac, St. Grwst supposed, for why otherwise should he have relinquished a brilliant career years ago for a life of abject poverty? (Which reminded the thinker that he must ask the old man in to a meal again soon. Doing odd jobs about the studios, posing occasionally for a pious picture wasn't remunerative at best.) He crossed the road. Lagrange had been occupying for years now a small room in the basement of a cheap lodging-house near—the type of place that St. Grwst himself had known sometimes when hard up, where the yellow sheets were not changed necessarily for a newcomer. Well (and again his future swam up before his eyes, goldenly nebulous), all that would belong to the past now. To the past, to the past: every step echoed the words as he stumbled down the dark staircase into the cellar-like basement and knocked at the door. He got no answer and entered.

He found, by the light of a dim oil lamp, that Lagrange was on his knees on the floor, near two Belgian hares, his pets; seeing St. Grwst he dropped them softly outside the window into a few feet of space between the walls, like a funnel, which alone gave access to the upper air.

"People are not always pleased with Romulus and Remus," he explained. "Yet they are gentle creatures. Beasts were often the companions of saints in their solitude. St. Jerome had his lion. St. Cuthbert was consoled by otters. St. Withburga and her Sisters milked the does which came daily to their hermitage. The hind is an emblem of purity and solitude of life." He sighed.

St. Grwst felt choked in the stagnant air but he sat down on an empty packing-case, and began to explain that he had become suddenly interested in religion, in Christianity (that was true in a way, he thought) of which he knew absolutely

nothing (that was true). He wanted to learn something about the life of its Founder (quite true, wasn't it? Why should he mind saying it?)

The old man listened in silence, with merely a nod from time to time to encourage the speaker. Once he put out his hand and touched his visitor's arm. "I know"—he spoke with conviction—"this is the work of God." Lord, if he could have guessed the truth! St. Grwst fixed his eyes on the lamp with its irregular flame under the dimmed glass. He noticed that the greasy shade of brown paper torn on one side, was put on crookedly. He felt less and less at ease, as if he had touched a spring, starting vast unknown machinery. He ought to have remembered that he never could lie.

"I have prayed for this hour," Lagrange was saying, "for indeed I think you are like the young man whom Jesus loved. Only you will not act as he did. You are too generous."

What was he talking about? (The machinery was going with a vengeance.) The ill-trimmed lamp filled the room with reek. St. Grwst turned his head away and tried to guess what the hares were doing, rustling about in the straw outside in the darkness. Lagrange troubled him with those glowing eyes of his and his drawn face like an old-time ascetic's.

"See how the Divine Majesty favours us! Assuredly this has been waiting here for you all these many years." The old man had opened a rickety chest and was fumbling about, while his shadow danced like a faun's, with ragged hair for the budding horns, incongruously against the wall. He lifted up a book. "The Passion of our Lord in your own tongue! I received it from a dying English soldier. He carried it next his heart." Lagrange put his finger tenderly into the notch in the edges of the battered cover. "The bullet that took his life did that." The old man spoke musingly. His great dark eyes which were like a moth's, St. Grwst thought, shone feverishly in the lamplight.

"Go, *mon fils*. Go and read. I will watch alone—no, we shall watch side by side through the Holy Hour this night," he said almost inaudibly. Never in all their relation had he spoken thus to St. Grwst, who felt more and more embarrassed, and tried to stammer a few words, but the old man had again fallen on his knees seeming unaware of the presence of anyone. Outside Romulus and Remus kicked softly in the straw. His lips were moving now. He seemed to be pleading: "He fed you. . ." St. Grwst caught the words as he

closed the door, and hurried up the staircase, glad to reach fresh air.

Back now in his room he laid the book on the table in front of him and sat and stared at it. The thought of its dead owner—the soldier who had carried it everywhere—paralysed him. Then he recollected the stranger's commission and took the book up. There were stains on the edges of the pages and he knew why, which again deterred him, but at last he began to read.

He read on and on in the intense midnight stillness. Sometimes he stopped, and with an end of charcoal essayed to catch on paper something of the scenes as they seemed slowly to move before his eyes. Those words at the Last Supper were strange, majestic and sweet. What was the mouth like, uttering them? (The stranger and his commission were forgotten.) He read on.

When he read of the crowning with thorns and the mockery, he stopped and gazed in front of him for a long time. "The skunks, the dirty skunks," he said aloud; and he thought that Lagrange's hand touched his. He read on.

"And bearing his cross he went forth. . . ." They were moving now in that terrible procession, step by step. . .

"And Jesus said: Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." St. Grwst was gazing at his palms as if he had never seen them before—through there. He shut his eyes. Was it Lagrange who had groaned, or himself?

When he read: "And Jesus said: I thirst. Now there was a vessel set there full of vinegar. And they putting a sponge full of vinegar about hyssop, put it to his mouth," he saw it so clearly that he gave a sharp cry.

"And bowing his head he gave up the ghost." Again St. Grwst sat and stared for a long time in front of him. The veins in his forehead were swollen. He clenched his hand. The slender twig of vine charcoal snapping between his fingers brought him back with its hollow tinkle as it fell on the boards, to a sense of his surroundings. He was alone. He had thought that Lagrange was with him, but he was alone. And he remembered the stranger and his commission, and why he was reading these things written by men who believed with their whole soul that the Man was God. They had cause. If He were not, He certainly was very like.

St. Grwst picked up the book and turned back to what he had already read. The night was far advanced and he was

sleepy, but the tale, unspoilt by untoward association, fascinated him in its freshness as once it fascinated a pagan world.

He must have been sleeping for hours. He raised his head from the table and looked round him. It was midday, and someone in the neighbourhood was cooking sausages. The incidents of the preceding night were clear in his memory—the book was there, close by his hand to remind him if he could have forgotten. He had had queer dreams. He felt stiff and his head was aching. But anyhow, one thing was certain. He wasn't going to do those drawings after all. (Join that jeering crowd? No.)

A pity to lose a good commission, but it didn't matter, really. Nothing mattered so much as he had thought (one thing would, though, if by any chance it could be true), not even that afternoon of yesterday. He felt as if he were enriched, or were about to be, by something, and looked again round the room as if it should be different in a way. Then he went to the window.

He saw Bloc across the road, talking in an expostulatory manner to a youth with a bicycle. The fiery mop of his red hair shone like a polished dome of copper in the oblique autumn sunshine. Then Dent came out of the other doorway and said something and they both went in together.

Everything was the same except himself.

The street remained empty. After a minute Lagrange, hunched and brown as one of his own gentle hares, came hurrying along the pavement. Late, evidently, for some appointment. St. Grwst wondered how long he had been praying that night. Suddenly he felt blank, remembering with what certitude Lagrange had called his visit the work of God. Was it just possible that he had been right?

St. Grwst turned from the window. "*O mon Dieu,*" he questioned under his breath, "*quels diamants de tendresse, quel baiser de lumière?*" There might be something of which his present mood was like a foretaste. Something, he was beginning to suspect, to compensate for this world's strangeness; its terror and loss; and its beauty.

BENET LOWTH.

GERMAN VIGNETTES

[The following sketches of German scenes, written by one who is constantly in the Reich, may serve to corroborate the paper printed here last September and called "The Church in Germany at Bay." It is too soon to determine whether the recent inclusion of Catholic Austria will mitigate or intensify the Kulturkampf.—EDITOR.]

FROM the leaden sky fell the regular boom of the great bell; the crowd in the Cathedral square moved steadily across to the church door. It was a silent crowd, sober in its drab clothes—very different from the light-hearted people who had sung and drunk and swayed in the cafés the night before. They came in their hundreds, men and women. I remembered the press at midnight Mass a few days before when I had barely squeezed myself into the porch, and stood wedged for an hour in the current of used-up air that streamed out to the cold night. I said to my German friend:

"This doesn't look like a persecution of religion!"

"Don't jump to conclusions," he replied carefully. "Because the church is open and people are allowed to go to Mass, it does not necessarily mean that all is well. Do you see many children, or Nazis in uniform?"

I had to admit that there were very few children—no little boys—but I pointed out the soldiers and the S.A. standing by the church door.

"The soldiers always go to Mass," he said, "though it's not a church parade. They don't belong to the Party. Those S.A. men aren't going in themselves, but they are watching to see who does, and collecting money for their own funds. The children are away somewhere, parading with the Hitler Youth or the German Maidens. They may have gone to very early Masses—but not in uniform."

We went in. It took time and effort, but we succeeded and stood in sardine formation in the transept.

A priest entered the pulpit, his face pale and drawn; he stood silently for a moment looking at the sea of faces turned towards him. The sermon, simple and direct, pointed out that now Catholics were faced with almost insuperable difficulties. War had been declared on the Church of Christ

and the State had announced that all Catholic schools were to be closed and the religious Orders forbidden to teach. Christians must fight for their Faith and be prepared for the reprisals that would undoubtedly follow.

His words were like flashes of light in the tense atmosphere. Until the end of Mass, I had a vivid sensation that this was a repetition of the old days when religion was forced underground into the Catacombs and these people were marching forward with the early martyrs.

On New Year's Eve, a day of drenching rain and hail, I was drawn to my hotel window by the sound of children's voices singing. Around the corner marched a pathetic little column of Hitler Youth, in black shirts and skimpy shorts, manfully trying to ape the stride and swagger of their elder brothers. The sodden uniforms clung to their thin bodies, as they gruffly chorused their marching hymn.

I was sufficiently curious to put on my coat and follow them. They marched to the square, united with other bands of children—German Maidens as well as Hitler Youth—and thence out of the little town and up into the forest. In a clearing they were halted, the girls on one side, the boys on the other and their leaders in the middle. The rain had stopped, but the skies were low and threatening; in the woods there was little light. A speaker stepped forward. He told them that as the trees that stood around them were rooted in the sacred soil of Germany and drew their sustenance from it, so they too had no life, no hope except in the Fatherland, of which they were a part. He spoke of the glories and the destiny of the German race; they must be strong and devote their strength to its worship, and obey each order, each wish of Germany's saviour, Adolf Hitler! Then followed the customary eulogy of the Leader, familiar, I think, even to the children. To me the whole ceremony was forced and meaningless. There was not even a pagan joy of living. Why bring those shivering children to an oak-grove if they were not at least to light great fires and cut the mistletoe? There was nothing more. They marched back, disbanded, and went home.

Perhaps the ceremony on Midsummer Night is less depressing. Christmas and Easter, of course, are not honoured, and the Hitler Youth never go officially to church.

In Germany childhood is revered no less than motherhood :

I had almost said worshipped. Yet I saw this one day: Children were pouring out of school, chattering and swinging their little satchels. Whooping with excitement they raced each other across the playground to a long, glass-fronted show-case painted red. They clustered round it, laughing at the pictures and busily spelling out the captions. The new issue of *Der Stuermer* had just been posted in the school case. I looked at the obscene cartoons of Jews and priests; disgust struggled with astonishment that this should happen in the Third Reich, which suppressed overnight the bawdy publications of Weimar Republic days as a disgrace to German morality. My mind went back for relief to three little girls I had seen in the Matthiaskirche in Trier making the Stations of the Cross by themselves, and to another who went up the Heilige Steige (the Scala Sancta) by my side. She did not know how long a Hail Mary ought to take, and so when I moved she moved too, like a very small, devout shadow.

The café hummed with life. The warm, smoke-filled air made it a comfortable refuge from the cold night. My companion, a master-carpenter, and I solemnly clinked glasses and drank. We were friends of long standing and could afford to disagree on any subject. Whenever he hunched his massive body confidentially against the table, cast a rapid glance over his shoulder and lowered his strident voice to a whisper, it meant that he was going to voice a "dangerous thought." He went through these manoeuvres and I bent forward to listen.

"To-morrow we have the elections for closing the Catholic schools. If I vote against the Party, I lose my job; if I don't vote, it's counted as Yes; if I spoil my paper, it's Yes. The Party win whatever I say. The Storm Troopers have been to my house and asked my wife which way I would vote. She was frightened because of our children. Though I am in work, we are assisted by the Winter Help Fund, and that will stop if I don't agree to send the boys to a State school. It will be hard to see my family suffer—"

He sat back abruptly, staring over my shoulder. A small newspaper boy, dressed in the uniform of the Hitler Youth, stood at my elbow; saluting smartly, he offered me *Der Stuermer*, Julius Streicher's pornographic weekly. Seeing my companion's indignant face, I hastily refused the paper, and the boy went away.

"This is what the new Germany would do with my children—take them away from God and destroy their innocence! Teach them to scorn the Church and hate their fellow-men—and to-morrow I must vote!"

I dined one night with the Director of Propaganda of a large town and his wife. They showed me their flat with pride, as well they might, for it was charming. They were Catholics, and I noticed in their room a huge crucifix hanging over the bed. After dinner we spoke of the Church crisis. He seemed to be proud of his religion, but to know little about it. He spoke hotly of the intrigues of the Centrum with the Social Democrats before the Revolution and of the Bishops' condemnation of Hitler. The Church in Germany, he said, had fallen to the forces of political reaction; it must be purified. The spirit of National Socialism was the divine instrument chosen for the purpose.

All this was familiar; it is taught at the Party's new school of propaganda.

His wife told me about their attitude to the school question. Protestants and Catholics could not feel their common German unity while they attended rival schools; antagonisms naturally followed. More, it was not right for the parents of a future generation to be taught by celibate priests and nuns. Motherhood was the most sacred thing on earth, and how could girls be prepared for it by those who had never known love or marriage? Then she rose from the table saying eagerly: "Now I will show you something beautiful!" She came back with a book, written, she told me, by the saint of their movement. She put it reverently before me. It was Rosenberg's "Myth of the Twentieth Century." Comment was well-nigh impossible. It was like taking a toy from a child, but I felt bound to say that I could not regard Rosenberg's theories as a serious contribution to Catholic thought.

Soon afterwards I left, hoping that Rosenberg's book was, as it looked, uncut and unread, and they, I suppose went to sleep under their big crucifix.

"If there is one being whom I love and revere, it is Adolf Hitler. He has given me back a living, and what is far more, something to *live* for." A little bespectacled, bemoustached bookseller was declaiming. I had lingered in his shop to chat because he looked ridiculously like a French Café Socialist.

Passers-by peered in between the massed books in the window as his voice rose to a passionate crescendo. "We knew the degradation of Versailles. We had no work, no food for our children, and, worst of all, we had despaired of ourselves. The young only lived for licentiousness and wantonness; fat Jews bled us white and elbowed us off the pavements. . . Look at Germany to-day! All that shame has gone. We may be poor, but our honour is restored and we are strong. We know that our country is great and must conquer. Hitler has worked this miracle! One man against all the forces of evil, and he has won!"

He broke off as two S.S. men swung into the shop—impressive with their magnificent physique and smart black uniform. Only their faces were curiously wooden, almost loutish.

Ignoring them, I asked him if he were a Catholic. He burst out: "What help has the Church given Hitler? Ask those two fighters!" They looked at us. One made a sneering remark to his companion, inaudible to me; then turning their backs they walked heavily away. The bookseller, oblivious of any snub, said: "There, that's the New Germany!"

A steep path led from the town to an isolated church on a hill high above the Rhine valley. It was a bright Sunday afternoon in early spring, and the townsmen in their formal clothes were out walking. There was a service going on, and when I arrived the sermon was being relayed by a loud-speaker from the tiny church to a big open space on the hillside. Families, breathless from the steep climb, formed a growing crowd. There were many soldiers, and, of course, the inevitable Gestapo man, taking notes.

The priest was utterly fearless. He cried out that God stood above the State. They must trust Him and not be afraid. Why, he asked, did so few Catholics bow or greet a priest in the streets of the town? Why did men pass the Blessed Sacrament without raising their hats? They must be proud to be Catholics and say so in the face of the State. The crowd stirred uneasily; some listened, too absorbed to move, as his deep voice went on and the pale February sun shone on the Rhine below and the distant spires of Worms Cathedral.

Everyone there present knew that seven days before a priest had been arrested in Düsseldorf, charged with making political references in sermons and, incongruously, with im-

morality. Our priest was a Franciscan; the Koblenz trials were still fresh in all minds. Even here scandalous stories had been disseminated in an abortive attempt to arouse public feeling against the small community.

I drank some coffee in a little inn further up the hill-side. On my way home at dusk, I saw the two priests walking in the wood and chatting like old friends with a lad in Nazi uniform, wearing a Swastika armlet.

It gave me a shock. One does not see the Party and the Church arm-in-arm to-day in Germany. But it was good to see that even one of the Party's rank and file did not share the new antagonism, and still more so that he was not afraid to show his sympathy.

J. K. HAY.

"Non Mea, Domine . ."

'TIS not enough that I should use my will
But to deny my wishes to do ill.
That were to be as who his talent hid
And for his fainéant soul by Christ was chid.

Nor is it yet enough ev'n if I should
Bend my sharp will to seek and shape the good,
For how may my poor human judgment tell
If that God's best is which I think is well? . . .

I have a better way. My will I throw
Back into Thine, Oh Lord. Thus shall I know
My will is Thine in all things always. Yea!
Now I know peace! "*Non mea, Domine. . .*"

WILLIAM BLISS.

THE CITY OF GOD

ALL the confusion and sorrow in the world come from rational beings believing what is not true and desiring what is not good. Both mind and will have escaped from their God-appointed directives, with disaster proportionate to their all-important function of ministering to the spiritual element in man. "Ye sons of men," cries the Psalmist in astonishment, "how long will you love vanity and seek after falsehood?" And he would have expressed the more wonder if he had written after the coming of Christ whose object in coming was to bear such witness to the truth as to put it within reach of all inquirers, and to proclaim the Kingdom of God as the first and all-sufficient goal of human desire. As the believer grows in appreciation of the benefits brought to mankind, even in the natural order, by the Revelation of Christ, he must grow too in amazement that the world so generally rejects God's proffered assistance and prefers to remain fallen rather than to exert itself to secure the grace of redemption.

Yet the Redeemer Himself took care to warn His followers beforehand of the strange treatment that they—ambassadors of Christ, heralds of truth, ministers of grace—would meet from Jew and Gentile alike, and we find no trace of wonder or disappointment in the New Testament writings at the continued rebellion of God's fallen creatures. The disciples were not to be above their Master, and they accepted without complaint the "mystery of the Cross"—salvation through suffering, victory through defeat, the need of walking by faith. Even the manifold imperfections of the new converts, their self-seeking, their contentions, their worldliness, their occasional apostasy, did not scandalize the Apostles. "Behold, I have told you beforehand." They recalled His prophecies which established the fact that the strife between truth and falsehood, between good and evil, would last to the end of time; but they had also the assurance that goodness and truth would ultimately prevail in God's good time.

Thus it is that we Catholics, like the Apostles, must also live mainly in hope, sowing for a future harvest, working without immediate results, trying to achieve, in ourselves at

least, that moral perfection which seems out of the reach of human society. Life in a beleagured city, even without the superlative horrors of air-warfare, must needs be subject to many privations, checks on liberty, lack of food, constant alarm and watchfulness. And the Church, the City of God, is always in a state of siege: its inhabitants cannot expect a normal and natural existence. They must keep within the protection of its walls, they must submit to discipline, they must perform garrison duties, and, in the circumstances, they cannot expect furlough, for the besiegers never allow a truce. The reason is given us by St. Paul in those illuminating words—"Our conflict is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in regions above." The earthly enemies of the Church may from very weariness intermit their attacks, but her spiritual foes who incite them have no need or desire of pause. For the City of God is set up in territory the sovereignty of which Satan has long usurped, and, until he is finally vanquished, he cannot let it rest.

It is not wholly useless to repeat all these religious truisms. Belief in the devil, and therefore anxiety to resist his influence, has faded away with belief in God from the modern mind. Doubtless to his great delight, certain learned Anglicans have lately decided that the personality of Satan may be taken in "a purely symbolical sense."¹ One may heed St. Peter and seek protection as "from a roaring lion," but who was ever stirred to watchfulness and dread by a symbol?

More fundamental, of course, and more destructive of the means of getting a true view of human life and destiny, is disbelief in God, and this constitutes a danger to the Church which is relatively modern, and against which the inhabitants of the City of God need to be more carefully on their guard. The fallen world which witnessed the birth of Christianity was a religious world. However distorted, the idea of Deity was therein universally accepted: there was some notion of a future life of weal or woe which served as a sanction for human conduct; some notion of the duty of external worship; some regard for the natural law. St. Paul gave the Athenians more details about the unknown God whom they ignorantly worshipped. The Tribune Felix would not have been frightened by the same Apostle's allusions to "the

¹ "Doctrine in the Church of England," p. 47.

judgment to come" unless he believed, pagan as he was, in final retribution. But to-day there is little or no assent in the mind of many to appeals of this sort. Secularism in practice, if not in theory, is everywhere in possession. In a closed, self-existing universe, the intelligence too has become closed. The Catholic and the materialist have ceased to speak a common language.

Accordingly, our attitude towards the forces surrounding our beleaguered City cannot be the same as when they represented another though erroneous form of belief, zealous for the truth as they understood it, and condemning Catholicism as itself an apostasy. It is no longer the persuasion that they are serving God by persecuting the Church that stimulates our worst enemies. It is in the name of human reason, freed at last from the atavistic superstitions that clogged its growth, or in the name of social progress long retarded by religious taboos, or in the name of liberty that regards the Commandments as outworn conventions, that the Church is hated to-day, her claims indignantly resented, and her destruction attempted. A clear recognition of this shifting of motives may save her defenders from waste of effort and make their defence more effective. We cannot, until we have converted them, expect our opponents to share our own estimate of God's City. They must necessarily regard it as something man-made; something deserving of tolerance or support only if it observes the civil law and subserves worthy human aims; something to be resisted or even abolished if it tries to exert authority over those who do not belong to it or to interfere with their conduct of life. That attitude, granting their convictions, is a natural and even correct one to take. No merely human institution can justly arrogate to itself the right to direct the human conscience. If a particular community in which the Church finds herself regards her as only a product of human association, it will necessarily treat her as such, nor, so long as that conviction persists—always assuming the view to be honest and sincere—can it be blamed for so doing. In such a case the exercise of the rights of the Church as a divine institution, commissioned to perpetuate the benefits of Redemption, must needs be circumscribed by such laws as govern other associations.

The lamentable divisions of Christendom, resulting from rejection of the Church's authority to speak and rule in the name of God, have so confused the general non-Catholic

mind that many educated and conscientious people have come to regard her simply as one of several conflicting sects, and others take occasion to deny, either that Christ founded a Church or that it survives as He wished it; whilst still more reject supernatural religion altogether. Consequently, there are few Governments in once-united Christendom which recognize the supernatural status of the City of God and give her the liberty needful for the fulfilment of her divine commission. In the rest, she has, as best she may, to contend for her rights. Right to exist is denied her in Russia, the supreme triumph of Antichrist in our times. In Spain she has been saved from extinction at the hands of Russian-led atheists by the gallantry of her Catholic children. In Germany she is undergoing a concentrated legal proscription aimed at her very life. In Mexico she is treated with the rankest injustice and all but starved to death. We cannot ascribe to any of these Governments even a modicum of good faith, for they refuse to the Church in their midst even the most essential of human rights, liberty of conscience, and the freedom of thought, expression and association which all good-living citizens can claim. They persecute the Church because they hate the idea of God, whose universal sway they would fain escape by denying His existence. And inevitably they bring to ruin, not merely God's service and worship, but also those inalienable human claims due to the dignity of the human soul which are implied in the fact of creation and on which civilization is based. And so in these countries, the Church, strong in the divine guarantee, preaches like her Founder the language of sacrifice, witnessing by her contempt of life and liberty and fortune to the certainty of an eternal compensation for their loss. There is nothing new in this heroic attitude, for it was characteristic of her spirit from the first: in this Sign she will ultimately conquer; in Russia where her would-be exterminator is as open, savage and bloody as ever was his Roman antitype; in Germany which more subtly promotes an equally false Cæsarism.

But elsewhere, as we have implied, the same principles are at work, only wanting occasion to break into open persecution. Nations that reject the constraints of morality have no use for God from whose perfect Nature the moral law proceeds. And they will increasingly resent the existence of an institution which is always proclaiming the moral law and denouncing its violation. Much of the odium incurred by

the Church is due to her inflexible opposition to divorce, race-suicide, mercy-murder, trial-marriage, and all those concessions to the flesh which the world, inspired by the devil, is ever multiplying. Her intolerance of error is anathema to an age which wants to think what it likes. Her contempt for the world, which is merely a common-sense preference for the lasting over the transient, provokes the world beyond measure, just because it emphasizes its weakest point. Her insistence upon the life to come, on the fact of sin, on the need of repentance, on the certainty of judgment, makes her an unwelcome associate with those "who want peace in their riches." Yet notwithstanding all this, our business is to keep in touch with the world, for otherwise we cannot easily trade with our talent of faith. The besieged City of God has to prove herself to be the light and healing of the world, which for its part would gladly exterminate her.

Accordingly, we note that the metaphor which helps us to realize the spiritual conditions in which we live does not of itself express the whole range of our duties. It is true that for the saving of our souls we must give up much that might endanger or prevent that consummation, and practise much that is not naturally agreeable. These things are to be expected by those besieged by an implacable and persistent foe. But the Christian has not only himself to consider. To judge by our Lord's encomium of the Works of Mercy, he has to consider himself last of all. And so he must love his enemies, do good to them that hate him, bless them and pray for them that ill-treat him; nor will he, in such a case, want occupation!

It would seem, then, that since the intellectual approach to the outsider has become more difficult, because of the widespread abandonment of the common ground of belief in God and in religion, greater emphasis should be laid to-day on works than on faith, or rather on works as a practical expression of faith. The Papal summons of all to the Lay Apostolate cannot possibly mean that all should try to preach the Faith but it does certainly mean that all should practise the Faith. We maintain with truth that, in the practice of Christianity lies the remedy for all those social evils that are remediable. What stronger proof of its divine origin than its efficacy in promoting love even of enemies, and in overcoming selfishness in neighbourly dealings? What better answer to Communism than that Catholic employers should somehow combine to give the workers a fairer deal. What a signal

repudiation of the current misuse of marriage, if the Catholic birth-rate were noticeably higher than the average, instead of being almost the same. The appalling spiritual peril of our time, when almost all the means of teaching, suggesting and moulding public opinion—the Press, the stage, the cinema, broadcasting and cheap literature—are secularized in spirit and aim, is lest the Catholic, exposed to these pervasive influences should lose insensibly the Catholic world-outlook, and adopt the moral standards of the godless society around him, through fear of its hostility and contempt. It would seem as if the modern summons to the integral practice of the Faith, implied in the apostolate of the laity, were providentially designed to counteract that cowardly acquiescence. One cannot be really zealous for even one specific Catholic good work without a consciousness that the gift of faith carries with it a grave responsibility, and that much shall be required of him to whom so much has been given. On the other hand, the Catholic who lives merely for his own interest and pleasure, without any sense of obligation for the welfare of his neighbour, has not begun to understand of what spirit he is. Yet it was as a warning for such Catholics that our Lord revealed the grounds for His condemnation of the reprobate—a blind neglect of the duties, not, mark, of justice, but of charity.

In fighting against the spirit of the world that encompasses us in this country, more subtle and insidious because not issuing in open persecution, but rather veiled in a kindly tolerance—it is not so much the weightier matters of the law that we have to safeguard. The number of Catholics who are notoriously "conformed to this world" is happily small. It is rather the Catholic atmosphere and background, the spirit of faith in all its manifestations, that is apt to suffer. Faith induces a sort of ready consciousness of the workings of Providence, and at any rate relates all temporal happenings to the supernatural. It issues in a great variety of devotions, in a familiar cultus of the saints, in a multiplication of external observances, in a reverence for authority and a readiness to be taught and directed. There is, of course, always a danger of superstition and credulity in popular worship, but such excesses which are defects of education are rarely harmful to morality. They are the mistakes of children not yet skilled in discerning truth. But the spirit itself of childhood is commended by our Lord as an essential constituent of perfection

—a spirit which excludes the irreverence, the captious criticism, the disobedience, the scandal-mongering, the deprecation of zeal, the low spiritual views, the grudging service, which the world applauds or condones, but which effectively destroy the bloom of Catholicism.¹ The delicacies of faith, if not consciously cultivated, may easily be lost in hostile secularist surroundings.

Of all the earth's inhabitants Catholics alone have the advantage of belonging to two "perfect" societies, the civil State and the Catholic Church—moral organisms fully equipped by God for their several ends, and deriving authority from Him. The *raison d'être* of the State is temporal well-being, and of the Church the eternal salvation of mankind. The benefit of belonging to the City of God naturally surpasses that attached to civil society, as much as heaven surpasses earth. It is so immeasurably important that St. Paul, proud as he was of his Roman citizenship, tells the Philippians that, here even and now, "our citizenship is in heaven." That fact necessarily modifies and controls the exercise of our civic duties whilst giving it at the same time its proper basis and inspiration. We are wont to claim, and rightly, against those who reproach us with subjection to a double and conflicting loyalty, that "the better Catholic, the better citizen." The Catholic sees and obeys the authority of God in every proper exercise of the civil power. And if he has to examine its orders in the light of the moral law, that is only what everyone must do who knows that, when their commands conflict, we must obey God rather than man.

Here, then, we return to the chief reason why the City of God is regarded with exceptional hostility to-day, and why her inhabitants need to be exceptionally loyal to their rulers and tenacious of their citizenship. The rise and spread of the Totalitarian State, the object of which is definitely and exclusively earthly, has created new difficulties for an institution which transcends national boundaries and, although formally non-political, must necessarily, in the interests of its

¹ How insensibly that worldly point of view may infect the minds of even good Catholics may be noted in a Catholic weekly paper for March 18th wherein the writer, in estimating the number of religious in Spain, declares categorically that that number, including men and women, about 100 years ago, was "abnormally high." How he estimates the norm is not said, nor could it easily be determined, as membership of religious Orders depends largely on divine vocation. In any case, there seems a trace here of the worldly idea that those withdrawn from the service of the world to that of God, are to be considered drones in the civil commonwealth.

members, take an independent and critical view of national politics. The difficulties, as we saw, are inherent in the situation : the State, which does not admit the claims of the Church to represent God's interests in civic and world affairs, because it either formally or equivalently denies God's existence, or the fact that He did set up an independent spiritual society amongst men, will do its best to suppress or fetter its activities, even though they are concerned merely with morals and backed by moral force alone. Unless men know the truth, they cannot act in accordance with the truth : thus the Father of Lies finds constant and congenial occupation in misrepresenting the nature of Catholicism and to arousing against it the zeal for justice or at least the instinct for self-preservation which are always alive in the human breast. Perhaps the thought that Satan finds his best instruments in this diabolical procedure in the lives of bad or indifferent Catholics may provide another motive for self-reformation. Many outsiders, in fact, find in such lives a plausible reason for remaining outside. "It is impossible," they think, "that, if the City of God had all that is claimed for it—clear, correct, consistent information about human destiny, remedies for every spiritual infirmity, solace for all human afflictions, advantages denied to the rest of mankind—so many of its inhabitants should be just as other men, ignoring the surpassingly rich inheritance that is theirs." The inference, of course, is unjustified. The good things of the Church are realized mainly by faith : if faith is dim or dead, they disappear from the ken of the delinquent, and he becomes indeed like other men ; only worse, for he has had the Pearl of Great Price and thrown it away. Moreover, through God's Providence, the Church is never without witness, manifold and widespread, of her essential holiness. It should be the constant preoccupation of her true children to increase the lustre of that resplendent Note, the beacon-light that shines from the City of God.

JOSEPH KEATING.

THE MONTH AND THE MISSIONS

IT will be remembered that two years ago we wrote an article describing the fortunes of "THE MONTH Forwarding Scheme," then one year old, and how casually, so to speak, the project originated. Then four pathetic appeals from missionaries for free MONTHS were on the eve of being refused, when it was suggested that MONTH readers might come to our aid: we little thought that three years later, through the generous co-operation of those readers, no less than two hundred and eighty priests in every part of the mission-field would be regularly receiving their MONTH free! Yet this is indeed the case. The inspection of our "mission" mail has become something like a world tour of the most enthralling kind, for, although our main business is to bring applicants and providers into direct contact with each other, not a few missionaries most kindly write to the office to express their gratitude and to tell us how the hardships of their lives and labours are singularly mitigated by the regular arrival of a Catholic periodical.

The gratitude displayed seems a little out of proportion to the benefit received. Still, the regular providing of a paper, month after month and year after year, is not so small a service after all: it shows real evidence of interest and good will for it has often to survive long silences, when the missionary, mostly through sheer fatigue and overwork, cannot express his thanks. But our readers have maintained their "first fervour" in a manner that is quite beyond all praise. A few indeed have given up, generally for reasons they could not control, but others have come forward to fill their places.

Nothing can give so vivid a picture of the need there is for Catholic literature in the missions, and what the receipt of it means to priests, as quotations from the letters which come to this office. Although, when in our first article we published some extracts, without supplying name or place, two horrified protests reached us from the writers; on the other hand, we have been asked quite simply "please put my letter in your next article; it may help to interest people in this part!" Accordingly, we do not scruple for the good end in view to continue the practice.

Let us begin with the west coast of Africa. A Prefect-Apostolic from Nigeria writes :

Even though Christmas is past I must write to you to let you know how grateful we are for your kindness in keeping up the supplies of *THE MONTH*. May God bless you and all who help in your excellent Forwarding Scheme. Our missionaries appreciate it so much. *THE MONTH*, too, is just the thing to take along, when travelling in the bush and one has too much to do to tackle a big book. I wish you every blessing and thank you again for your goodness. All the benefactors of our Mission are remembered at Holy Mass, so you and your helpers are among them.

A neighbour of his on the Gold Coast is equally enthusiastic :

If people only realized what it is to us missionaries to receive a Catholic magazine, surely everyone at home would somehow find both time and means to send at least one away. I pass on *THE MONTH* to others who appreciate it greatly. In a backward country like this—perhaps the most backward in the whole of Africa—one might think a Catholic monthly would not be much use. But it is quite the contrary. Besides the instructive articles on various subjects which keep us in touch with civilization, I find the Editorial Comments essential to give us an objective and Catholic outlook on the events that take place in the world. I cannot thank you enough for having arranged to have me supplied all this time.

Another, a "White Father," in this African district has not been so lucky and writes to remind us he has been on our waiting list for over a year! So many applicants were there before him, that he is reminded of the man at the Probatic Pool. He asked originally :

Would it be possible to put me on your list? I am 200 miles from a European and the only means of keeping in touch with civilization and current Catholic events is by getting some good periodical like *THE MONTH*—and at present I have none!

Things are just as hard, and men just as full of pluck on the other side of the Continent. There is a Mill Hill Father

in Uganda whose amazing work would make an epic in itself. In one district after many years he managed to build church, schools and houses for his catechists, then, when he had the joy of seeing this work complete, plague broke out amongst his people and everything he had built had to be burnt down to prevent the spread of the disease. But was he downhearted? Apparently not in the least: he simply set to work and started all over again. An example like this serves to reduce our trivial worries at home to their proper proportions. But his are not over yet! Although longing to remain in his old mission, doubly dear to him because so unfortunate, authority has sent him to start another miles away, with even less material to work with. Telling us of his change of address he writes with unabated spirits:

I have now been appointed to open up fresh country—and here I am! Very much like Moses, on the top of a mountain (7,000 feet high) and equally alone. To the nearest mission is a four days' climb across mountains. I arrived here two days before Christmas. There is one big barn of wattle and daub which is my church, my school and presbytery. The whole district is about sixty miles in diameter and not a European anywhere. Christians only a few, so you see I can well do with a good friend like *THE MONTH*.

One of our English Jesuits in Southern Rhodesia, one of the first to be enrolled in our Scheme, never fails, every February 1st, to send us a most gracious letter of acknowledgment. This year he said:

I have mislaid the address of the kind benefactor who sends me *THE MONTH*. Would you kindly let him know how much I have appreciated it all this year, and found it so interesting. As I mentioned last year, I pass it on to others, mainly non-Catholics, after I have read it, and they all like it . . . for instance, the explanation of the Catholic standpoint about Spain, and other subjects, is most useful, the arming of nations, etc. Thus a magazine like *THE MONTH* proves itself most useful, not just *pious* but *religious*! (You see what I mean!)

A Servite Father in Swaziland always sends us most interesting letters. He describes, for instance, an exciting visit

to the Kruger National Park, but we can quote only as follows :

I am so glad you found the few stamps I sent useful : I shall try to send you more at regular intervals. I do hope the Forwarding Scheme will continue to grow, as it surely would if people realized how much a good Catholic magazine is appreciated by missionaries.

But to return to my mission ! My kind "forwarder" also sends me numbers of C.T.S. pamphlets. These are most useful. I received an old man into the Church quite recently whom I had visited in hospital, when I gave him some C.T.S. pamphlets. The grace of God did the rest.

Here we may mention how very grateful we are to receive **stamps** from missionaries : they help us to supply others with the periodical they themselves so much enjoy. Many regularly send us packets : to those who have not thought of it, and are free to dispose of what stamps they encounter, we make this urgent appeal.

We could continue our African tour, so to speak, for pages more, and we have quoted only from a few letters where we should have liked to quote dozens. But other continents await us and we will now pass on to India and see something of the great work being done there.

"Is it ever permissible to stop in the middle of saying Mass?" we asked a priest the other day. "Not unless you die or are too ill to go on," he replied. "Why?" "Well, what would you do if, while saying Mass, you saw a cobra wriggling swiftly towards you?" we went on. "*Take the pledge!*" said he promptly. "We're not joking, we continued, "*for that has actually happened,*" and we handed him the following letter from a Jesuit applicant in Central India :

This is a new station, a new parish, which is situated quite in the jungle and far away from any other posts. I am quite alone, living in a big hut made from mud. Not long ago a cobra killed seven hens, but we got this cobra and her companion. Snakes have been very numerous and troublesome this year. One morning I found one on my chair and another curled up under the table, and, while saying Mass the other day, I noticed one coming towards me. . .

I have about 5,000 Christians in my parish, scattered around, which means much travelling over mountains, through the jungle and through rivers. This is just to give you an idea of the place, so that you will understand what a boon THE MONTH would be if you can secure a "forwarder" for me.

Another Jesuit, also in the jungle breaking new ground, wrote as follows to his English benefactor—a lady who shows admirable zeal in getting helpers for our Scheme :

How very kind it is of you to send me THE MONTH. It gives to this solitary missionary much pleasure and useful reading. It was not nice of me not to have written for so long, but you must never conclude from my too long silence that I do not appreciate your great kindness. I came down to this huge plain to explore the country—never any missionary had been this side. I went about, living in a miniature tent, saying Holy Mass alone; never had it been said here before. I soon found the aborigines sympathetic and conversion began. . .

We are on the edge of a large forest and leopards and tigers abound. The former have already taken three of my dogs, so I now keep them indoors, for leopards roam and a dog is such a good meal!

I left my home country in 1910 and have never seen it since . . . may I add what great pleasure a letter from my good benefactor will give to this lonely missionary?

Many of the missionaries emphasize their loneliness—separation from their own country, if they are not Indians; separation in any case from fellow-Catholics. From southern India these pathetic lines reached us a long time ago, and, alas! we have not yet been able to supply the need indicated :

I am here in the midst of pagans who do not understand the sacred character of a priest and of his work, so I am always alone with hardly anything to interest or to edify. I need so badly companions who would speak to me of the Christian world, with its ideals, endeavours and successes. Such are books and periodicals, which raise our worried minds above all that we suffer—to secure which, however, I have no means, with all the difficulties of a new mission. If you could send me THE MONTH how grateful I should be.

Leaving with reluctance a large batch of letters from that earthly paradise—well-equipped with snakes—the great island of Ceylon, we pass up the east coast of Asia to China, where the ordinary trials and perils of missionary life are now multiplied indefinitely by armed invasion. From a Jesuit college for missionaries in the province of Hopei we have lately received the following appeal :

This establishment which is frequented by all the missions of the Society in China is nevertheless too poor to pay for a MONTH subscription, and in these conditions would be exceedingly grateful if it were possible to find a charitable subscriber who would send us the periodical from the beginning of 1938.

Here is a chance—as has been said on a similar occasion—to provide a MONTH not merely for one, but for fifty eager readers!

From the sacred island of Sancian, near Hong Kong, where St. Francis Xavier met his lonely end, a Maryknoll priest, guardian of the Shrine, writes :

How good of you to have obtained THE MONTH for me. Yes, this is surely a mission for, with about 4,000 people on the island, we have an abundance of material for our zeal . . . it is, however, a hard, uphill fight, and we need all your prayers to enable us to do effective work on this island, made sacred by the life and death of St. Francis Xavier.

From Japan, now the dominant Power in the Far East and in many respects "ripe for the harvest," a Jesuit professor at the Tokyo University writes :

I am overwhelmed by your kindness. THE MONTH gives just that kind of reliable information which is so valuable to the missionary. . . I had nearly given up all hope of being allotted a copy when your kind letter arrived. . . I promise to make a Memento for you and the splendid work of your Forwarding Scheme as often as I can.

Java is not quite so isolated as many missions lying out of the usual steamer routes, for it is a most fertile and flourishing Dutch possession densely populated by some 50,000,000

inhabitants, mostly Mohammedans. From there a Jesuit Father writes :

I am so very grateful for *THE MONTH* which arrives regularly. I used to be a regular reader years ago, but here I could not possibly afford to subscribe for it. I wonder could you possibly find another equally generous who would send to another priest in this far-off land? I enclose his name and address. He would so greatly appreciate such a kindness.

But we have sadly neglected the New World in our tour and have now no room to make amends. Let a few brief quotations suffice.

A Dominican Father in the Windward Isles finds time to send these kind words of appreciation :

Few, if any, I think, realize what such a Scheme as yours means to priests living alone in missionary parishes. It helps us in so many ways, and so greatly mitigates the hardships which a lonely life so often brings. I must apologize for not writing sooner but I have been down with malaria. I could not write, but that does not mean I was not deeply grateful. Please thank my benefactor for me and assure her that I shall say Mass for her from time to time, as well as for all who help in your splendid work.

Finally, we pass from near the Equator to Hudson Bay—much of Canada is still missionary in character. A Canadian Jesuit working amongst the Indians sends us these grateful lines :

While in England studying Theology, I used to look forward to each issue of *THE MONTH*, and I missed it very much after I left. I never expected that I should have the good fortune to receive it here in these far-away missions. It is but another proof that God has many a "Good Samaritan" looking after His missionaries.

It is with the object of letting our "Forwarders" know, by a compendious glance at the widespread results of their kindly activities, what real needs they minister to and what heartfelt thanks their goodness evokes, that we have brought together these few testimonies. Apart from actual experi-

ence, it is not easy for us stay-at-homes, over-abundantly supplied perhaps with every kind of intellectual provision, to get a clear picture of what life in a literary desert means to highly-educated minds, deprived for a long time together of their accustomed food. They have subjected themselves out of zeal for the Faith to what is equivalently solitary confinement—the keenest and most refined of tortures. And now they have become conscious that a number of thoughtful people are aware of their plight and are doing something at least to relieve it. Hence the almost pathetic gratitude of which their letters are full. Although our original four have been multiplied by seventy, there are still forty applicants from the missions—and it is these alone that we aim at helping—un-supplied.

In the past, appeals like this have always stimulated the generosity of our readers, but at the same time have aroused as well the desires of missionaries to receive *THE MONTH*! Hence an obvious dilemma. Whilst, therefore, asking every reader who possibly can to help us in supplying the forty now on our waiting list, we would be glad if no more missionaries would apply until further notice. We may suggest that, as has already been done, two or more readers might combine to provide one direct subscription.

A. L. RUDD.

"THE MONTH" FORWARDING SCHEME

Readers who are willing to forward their "Month" to a missionary or to provide an annual subscription (14s.) for one to be sent direct to the more distant outposts are asked to communicate with The Hon. Secretary, "The Month" Forwarding Scheme, 31 Farm Street, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. Readers *must* enclose a stamped addressed envelope, and all names and addresses, whether of missionaries applying for "The Month," or readers providing it, *should be printed in capitals*. Missionaries should notify the Secretary if their "Months" do not arrive regularly, and both priests and forwarders should send us any changes in address at once. (Subscription from U.S.A., \$3.50.)

Owing to the length of our waiting list no more priests should apply for "The Month" until further notice.

FOREIGN STAMPS, particularly from British Colonies, are collected by the Secretary and sold for the work of the Forwarding Scheme. These should be cut off leaving roughly $\frac{1}{2}$ in. margin. If edges or backs are damaged they are useless.

"MENTAL RADIO"

FOR those who are not specialists in psychical research I am inclined to think that the term "Mental Radio" prefixed by Mr. Upton Sinclair to his book on telepathy¹ has much to recommend it as a title for such disquisitions. Dr. J. B. Rhine, Associate Professor of Psychology in Duke University, prefers to speak of "Extra-Sensory Perception," abbreviated for initiates to its initial letters E.S.P. No doubt this more academic designation, which has the advantage of applying equally to telepathy and clairvoyance, has the better chance of winning general acceptance, for it has been adopted in other American centres of learning as well as in the University where it originated, and it has also been imported into this country by English investigators who are conducting experiments in the same field.² Does extra-sensory perception exist? Can we by experiment demonstrate that a knowledge of external facts may be acquired or transmitted through some other channel than the senses? The "transmission" of such knowledge implies an outside agent, and this is what we commonly call telepathy. The simple cognition of what is happening without the intervention of any sense perception may be conceived of as resulting from an inherent faculty and does not necessarily suppose an external agent. Such a faculty, assuming its reality, is usually termed clairvoyance. But though investigations, more or less systematically conducted, have been going on for fifty years, no assured conclusions have been reached. Whether the mind of the percipient is able under certain exceptional conditions to turn on a power like a searchlight and pick things up; or whether everything that happens, either physically or mentally, is a centre of disturbance, setting up vibrations which radiate in all directions and may be interpreted by people who possess some special form of sensibility, still remains uncertain. It is also obviously possible that the perception of which we are speaking may often be due to a combination

¹ "Mental Radio. Does it work and how?" By Upton Sinclair. With an Introduction by Professor William McDougall, and 281 illustrations. Werner Laurie. 1930.

² See, for example, such a paper as that of Mr. G. N. M. Tyrrell in S.P.R. *Proceedings*, Vol. XLIV, pp. 99-166; or that of Mr. J. Cecil Maby in the same volume, pp. 169-182. 1936.

of both active and passive elements. At present the whole process remains a mystery, and possibly will always remain a mystery. But it does appear to be certain that some individuals on occasion possess a knowledge of external happenings which could not have come to them through the ordinary channel of the senses. In view of our very imperfect understanding of the causes at work, "mental radio" seems to me by its very vagueness, to be a conveniently descriptive designation of a phenomenon so inadequately apprehended.

Although the experimental investigation of "Extra-Sensory Perception" undertaken at Duke University may claim to possess a certain importance owing to the duration of the inquiry and the scale upon which it has been carried out, it would certainly be a mistake to undervalue the earlier records and researches dealing with the same problem. I must own that it astonishes me considerably to find Dr. Rhine in his second book on the subject implying that until Duke University started its programme little or no advance had been made. He even says "it is doubtful if there were as many believers in telepathy or clairvoyance in 1930 as there had been in 1880."¹ This is certainly not a commonly received opinion. As Mr. H. F. Saltmarsh, a prominent and very cautious member of the English Society for Psychical Research, wrote in 1929:

It is assumed that telepathy will be admitted as a *vera causa*; there are still a few die-hards who deny it, but the majority of those who have given any attention to the evidence agree that even if it be not rigorously proved, the case for it is very strong; the opinion of those who have not studied the evidence is, of course, worthless.²

At the same time rigorous proof was very desirable, and it was this which Dr. Rhine, with the cordial encouragement of Professor William McDougall, the well-known psychologist, set out in 1930 to obtain. He came to the conclusion that the most practical way of carrying out a series of experiments on the vast scale which seemed necessary if the element of chance was to be eliminated, would be by card-guessing. This, indeed, had been frequently tried, and long before, both in England and America. The very first volume of the

¹ "New Frontiers of the Mind," by J. B. Rhine, p. 34. Faber & Faber, 1938.

² S.P.R. *Proceedings*, Vol. XXXIX, p. 150. 1929.

S.P.R. *Proceedings* (1882) contains, along with other experiments in "thought transference," an account of card-guessing tests made with the Creery children. The results were rather remarkable, and in the conditions described there seems on many occasions to have been no opportunity for trickery. Later on fewer successes were obtained, and at the same time a well-founded suspicion arose that the girls were cheating. As long experience shows that the telepathic faculty is liable to peter out, and as under these adverse conditions young people who have grown proud of the attentions paid them are much tempted to maintain their prestige by trickery, we are probably not justified in assuming that the earlier successes were fraudulent. In any case, satisfactory results were obtained in the Guthrie experiments, the Miles and Ramsden series, the Coover series,¹ in the case of Miss "Nancy Sinclair" (Miss G. M. Johnson), and several others. Dr. Rhine, in starting his own investigation, realized the necessity of having a very large number of tests. To make this workable without an unreasonable expenditure of time he decided that it would be well to simplify the conditions as much as the case permitted. Card-guessing still presented itself as the form of experiment which could be most rapidly carried out, but there was a needless complication involved in the fifty-two different calls of the ordinary playing pack. Adopting the suggestion of a colleague of his, Dr. Zener, he came to the conclusion that a choice of only five symbols markedly different from each other would greatly simplify matters for the guesser while at the same time supplying a sufficient range of uncertainty to make the tale of errors and successes significant. He accordingly had packs engraved in which the face of each card showed either a star, a circle, a cross, a rectangle or a device of parallel wavy lines. With packs of these cards many thousands, or even hundreds of thousands,² of guesses have been made and recorded. A considerable number of students and others have all tried their hand to see if, in a long series of trials, the total number of successes in identifying correctly the hidden face of the card notably exceeded the proportion due to chance.

¹ See on these R. H. Thouless in S.P.R. *Proceedings*, Vol. XLIII, pp. 24-37. 1935.

² From "The Journal of Parapsychology," published at the Duke University Press, N.C., U.S.A., we learn that card-guessing experiments are going on in many American University centres. We read of 83,000 tests being made with one subject.

It cannot, I think, be said that Dr. Rhine has shown that the average man possesses any gift of telepathy or clairvoyance. Nothing that was previously unknown has been brought to light or made certain by his experiments in card-guessing. The professor's long tables of failures and successes, his graphs and calculations of probabilities do not, as it seems to me, supply any secure basis for the belief that extra-sensory perception is a phenomenon of common occurrence. But, on the other hand, the propaganda which he has initiated for experiments of this type seems to have brought him into contact with one or two very exceptional subjects. Amongst the young men at the University who took part in the tests, was a Mr. A. J. Linzmayer. Of him Dr. Rhine records:

One day, late in the month of May, he dropped in at the laboratory, and I made a relatively unsuccessful attempt to hypnotize him. While he was still lying on a couch in the laboratory I picked up a pack of E.S.P. cards and shuffled them. . . Standing at the window, well out of Linzmayer's line of vision, I glanced at a card and asked him what it was. He told me correctly. Glancing at the next card, I held it under my hand so that it would be completely out of the question for him to see it, even if he happened to look my way, and asked him again what it was. He told me again correctly. In fact, he called *nine* cards in succession correctly.¹

Here, as the narrator remarks, was certainly something amazing. The mathematical odds against accurately calling nine cards in a row was two million to one or thereabouts. But this was not all. The next day Linzmayer "again made a run of nine straight accurate calls." Unfortunately, Dr. Rhine does not state whether the young man was allowed to study the backs of the cards or whether the cards belonged to a pack which he had used before for the same purpose. Shortly afterwards, driving in a car with the same subject, Dr. Rhine took the opportunity of engaging him in another test.

After giving the pack a cut—neither of us knew the order of the cards in it anyway—I drew off the top one and turned it towards me just enough to catch a glimpse

¹ "New Frontiers of the Mind," p. 87.

of the symbol and then put it face down on the notebook on Linzmayer's lap. Without looking at it or touching it he said, after a pause of about two seconds: "Circle!"¹

This was correct, and fourteen other accurate guesses followed in succession. The experiment was continued to the end of the pack of twenty-five, and curiously enough four of the last ten guesses were erroneous, but the net result was that Linzmayer named twenty-one correctly out of twenty-five, the probability against the chance occurrence of such a feat being 30 billion to one.

One would like to have a good deal more detail about the exact conditions, and the absence of any witness on both these occasions is unfortunate. But Dr. Rhine's personal integrity is not questioned, and when he published his book "Extra-Sensory Perception" in 1934, containing the first account of these experiments, Professor McDougall (himself a former President of the English S.P.R.) contributed a Foreword in which he speaks of the author in the highest terms. Foreseeing the objections which might conceivably arise later, Dr. McDougall rather goes out of his way to guarantee the scientific competence as well as the good faith of the originator of these experimental tests. He says, for instance:

On reading any report of observations in the field of psychic research, invariably there arises in my mind the question—What manner of man is this who so reports? And I find that my estimate of the validity and value of the report depends very largely upon the answer to that question. [And, after more to the same effect] I found Dr. J. B. Rhine to be a ruthless seeker after truth, almost, I may say, a fanatical devotee of science, a radical believer in the adequacy of its methods and in their unlimited possibilities. . . Finally, I would testify that I have "sat in" at the experimentation on a number of occasions, and have in some instances personally conducted the experiments, and have failed to discover either any indication of lack of good faith or any serious flaw in the procedures followed.²

Similarly, the late Dr. Walter Franklin Prince in the same

¹ "New Frontiers of the Mind," p. 91.

² "Extra-Sensory Perception," by J. B. Rhine, pp. xiii—xv. 1935.

volume paid a not less earnest tribute to the author. Dr. Prince, to whom I personally have been indebted for many kindnesses, was also a former President of the English S.P.R. As a very severe critic of psychic phenomena his testimony is of value when he assures us that if some of Dr. Rhine's records seem to be inadequately attested "the host of experiments witnessed under rigid conditions are enormously sufficient to bring the odds against chance to tremendous figures."

It seemed desirable to quote these testimonies because Dr. Rhine's methods and deductions have been lately attacked with considerable vehemence.¹ I may confess that I am not greatly impressed by his record of experiments taken in the bulk. The fact that certain individuals amongst those with whom he has experimented should maintain an average of 25 or even 30 per cent of correct guesses through thousands of tests, where chance alone does not warrant the expectation of more than 20, is certainly surprising and requires an explanation. That explanation may, no doubt, be afforded by the hypothesis that the mind in some cases does dimly perceive outside realities apart from any sense perception, but one feels at the same time that this intuition being so very dim, and being at the best of times admittedly much more often mistaken than not, the faculty postulated is of very slender value. We do need also to be quite sure that there was no other way of accounting for the excess beyond chance expectation. Some gifted individuals are extraordinarily observant without being always conscious of what it precisely is that they observe. They recognize the style of an artist, the glaze or surface of a piece of china, by what to the uninitiated seems almost a process of divination. After an apparently very thorough investigation which has recently been carried out of the powers of "Marion," the alleged thought-reader or psychometrist, Mr. S. G. Soal gives prominence to the following among the other conclusions arrived at:

In Section II it is shown that Marion is able to recognize a new playing card that he has previously handled, when it has been mixed with several other cards of identical make and design. The results strongly indicate that in this feat he relies mainly upon his tactual sense

¹ See, for example, the letter of Mr. S. G. Soal in *The Observer* for March 13th, and that of Dr. Dingwall in the *S.P.R. Journal* for December, 1937; also a later letter from Mr. Soal in *Light* for March 24th.

and upon a study of the contact which the card makes with the surface of the table. It is shown definitely that the figure on the face of the card plays no part in the process of recognition. He is similarly able to identify a stiff millboard card, which he has been allowed to hold in the dark, by means of his sensitive touch. When tactual and visual clues are completely ruled out, Marion succeeds no more often than chance would predict. These experiments suggest a most serious source of error in a great many of the card-guessing tests described by Miss Ina Jephson and Dr. J. B. Rhine.¹

It is unfortunate that the information supplied in Dr. Rhine's two books regarding the conditions under which the various experiments took place is too indefinite, or at any rate too complicated, to give a clear idea of the proportion of trials in which the percipient neither touched nor saw the back of the card he was guessing. There *were* such trials, as, for example, in the process which he calls DT or "Down Through." Here the percipient, with a pile of twenty-five cards before him, guesses each of them in succession without the heap being disturbed. His guesses are written down and the successes and failures are counted by examining the cards afterwards. Further, Dr. Rhine assures us that he was keenly alive to the danger of recognition by accidental markings. He says, for example :

We took a wide range of precautions. Six or more packs of cards were kept at hand and the test pack changed frequently. In this way new packs were introduced, cards which had never been seen before by the subjects using them. We were careful not to allow an opportunity of studying the backs of the cards, in order to prevent the possibility of any of the students with whom we were working being able to distinguish the cards by almost microscopic markings on their backs. Such small markings may appear as a result of handling, but as soon as the cards showed signs of wear and tear they were discarded.²

Similarly, he points out that the experimenters were alive

¹ "Preliminary Studies of a Vaudeville Telepathist," by S. G. Soal (being Bulletin III of the University of London Council for Psychical Investigation, London, 1937), pp. 93-94.

² "New Frontiers of the Mind," p. 85.

to the danger of reflections from a polished table, and that effective screens were used in the pure telepathy tests. In any case, the sceptic who holds that cards may have been recognized by markings on their backs or by a faint impression left by the stamping of the symbol on the face of the card, has to find an adequate explanation of the high level of scoring reached by some of Dr. Rhine's subjects when the percipient had no card at all before him, and the agent sitting behind a screen, or in another room wholly out of sight, announced by an electric signal that he had taken up a fresh card and was challenging the percipient to identify the symbol it bore. In some pure clairvoyance experiments the agent or controller did not even look at the card, he simply took it up and laid it face down on the table, and the percipient seated in a different wing of the building called the name of the card thus isolated. In 300 such calls Mr. H. E. Pearce, one of Dr. Rhine's most promising subjects, was successful in 119. If chance alone had been operating we should have expected only 60 successes.¹

But I must own, as previously stated, that such averages, even if consistently maintained (and this rarely happens), do not seem to me so worthy of consideration as the extraordinary spells of lucidity, if one may so speak, which occasionally come upon the possessors of this clairvoyant faculty. On one occasion the Mr. Pearce just mentioned, stimulated by the challenge of a rather extravagant bet, guessed correctly without a single failure each one of a whole pack (twenty-five) of Dr. Rhine's cards on end. Unfortunately, Dr. Rhine himself was the only witness of this feat. The probability against such a thing happening by chance is, we are informed, 298,023,223,876,953,125 to 1. Similarly, it is claimed that in the early stages of a long-distance test between Miss Turner and Miss Ownbey a pack of twenty-five cards exposed at five minute intervals by the latter was guessed by the former when she was 200 miles away. Of the twenty-five guesses nineteen were correct. Such surprising experiences, however, are of rare occurrence even at Duke University, and perhaps not the least valuable feature in Dr. Rhine's record is the testimony he bears to the instability and unequal functioning of the power of extra-sensory perception even in those who seem most highly endowed in this respect. If anything is

¹ "Extra-Sensory Perception," p. 116. 1935.

clearly demonstrated by these seven years of work it is this, that conditions of health, customary surroundings and mental tranquillity or disturbance have an immense deal to say to the subject's ability to obtain the best results. Of the Mr. Pearce mentioned above, who was regarded as almost the champion performer in the group of collaborators, Dr. Rhine tells us in terms which betray his own deep disappointment :

How Pearce came to lose his capacity for exceptional extra-sensory work is a personal story. One morning he received a letter which greatly distressed him. Before coming to our laboratory he mentioned this letter and its effect upon him to five different people, including myself, and actually showed the letter to one member of the laboratory group, giving some additional personal details to explain his reaction to it. Pearce openly declared that he doubted his ability to do any effective work that particular day, because, he said, of the state of mind into which the letter had thrown him. From then on Pearce's work has been on a completely different basis. There have been minute flashes of E.S.P. ability, but none on the level of his earlier and more reliable performance. . . . In the thousands of trials made with him afterwards—many of them under the same conditions as those of his previous work—his scores have averaged little better than could be expected from chance alone.¹

It must be recognized, I think, that such a breakdown does tend to vindicate Dr. Rhine's belief in the genuineness of the faculty. If the successes had been obtained by any sort of fraud, or an exceptional delicacy of perception or quickness to register minute differences, it is not easy to understand the effect produced by an emotional shock. Moreover, we have other parallel experiences, notably in the case of Miss G. M. Johnson who had been doing such excellent work in Mr. G. N. M. Tyrrell's series of tests.² After a disquieting revelation which disturbed her confidence in her own gift "Miss Johnson's power of scoring dropped at once, and from that date to the present time has never recovered."

I am inclined, then, to conclude very definitely that we can by no means afford to neglect the evidence accumulated by

¹ "New Frontiers of the Mind," pp. 111—112.

² See the S.P.R. *Proceedings*, Vol. XLIV, p. 160, and note also Mr. Tyrrell's very judicious observations on pp. 164—166. 1936.

such laborious experimenters as Dr. Rhine, Mr. Tyrrell and Miss Ina Jephson. If others fail to meet with success when working on similar lines there is quite sufficient warrant for supposing that these negative results are due to the impalpable atmosphere of disquiet engendered by a prevailingly sceptical attitude among the organizers. On the other hand, it may be doubted whether we shall ever obtain more satisfactory proof of extra-sensory perception than that afforded by such irregular attempts at thought transference as those recorded in Upton Sinclair's book "Mental Radio."¹ For anyone who studies the reproductions of the drawings made by the percipient in the attempt to duplicate the rough outlines which the agent had sketched or had visibly before him at the same moment when perhaps many miles away, the reality of the nexus is irresistibly convincing. In some cases the idea transmitted by this mysterious psychic influence seems to have made an almost exactly accurate impression; but perhaps the most convincing of all are the quaint misconceptions of the original design which show so clearly that some notable feature has been clearly grasped while the picture as a whole has not been identified. The evidence that a glimpse of the outline or object which certainly was not conveyed by any sense perception has been transmitted by this type of mental radiation seems to me overwhelming.

Finally, one may point out, at least as an abstract possibility, that what appears to us as extra-sensory perception might be effected in another way. Catholics believe that an idea may be put into our minds by angel or demon. But if so, why not, a Spiritualist will ask, by a discarnate soul, or some other intelligence outside this world? So sane a person as Miss Edith Somerville believed that her deceased collaborator "Martin Ross" constantly helped her out in a difficulty by suggesting some thoroughly characteristic phrase or idea. It must suffice here to point out that a friendly but casual intervention of this kind, supposing it to be possible, would perhaps explain better than anything else the extraordinary runs of luck, which, as mentioned above, seem occasionally to occur in this game of guessing cards.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ There have been other successful experiments of the same kind, though not so fully recorded as those in Mr. Upton Sinclair's book. For example, the reproductions of the drawings made by Mr. E. A. Smith as far back as January, 1883, bear the closest resemblance in character to the Sinclair series. See the S.P.R. *Proceedings*, Vol. I, with the account of the *modus operandi* on p. 162.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

THE DRY BONES OF HISTORY.

THE library of the Dominicans at Woodchester is such a room as might delight Anatole France's Abbé, Jérôme Coignard; a haunt set apart for the enjoyment of humanist or philosopher. The Brother who introduced me, deprecated the comparative rarity of modern books, but this, in a monastic library, appeared to me to be hardly a defect. I had not expected to see my own "New Poems" and my friend Kingsmill's "Anthology of Invective and Abuse" upon the shelves. More consistent with the atmosphere of the place was the huge "Tabula Sermonum," a volume, bound neither in calf nor vellum, but in oak board of nigh half an inch thick! It was produced in 1470, the year before King Henry VI was murdered in the Tower. Hard by this venerable work, stands, like a poor relation, the "Panthoeologia" of Father Rainer of Pisa, in a coat not of oak but beechwood! Use has polished the covers of both these books, and the grain of the wood is beautiful. The Gothic script too of both remains unfaded, and the vermilion capitals relieve and refresh the eye. The "Panthoeologia" was produced in 1477 at "Coberg apud Nuremberg," but about seventy-four years after the death of its author "non sine fama sanctitatis." In the biographical section, "The Lives of the Popes," by Paul Rycourt, Esq., was printed in 1685 at a hostelry called the "Black Boy" in Fleet Street. On the shelves, it has, for near neighbour, "The English Baronets," with a "Genealogical and Historical Account" of their families. These worthies, as my host smilingly observes, also "came out of a pub," to wit, the "Three Daggers and Queen's Head" of the same thoroughfare. The "Baronets" stand amid their learned neighbours like raw freshmen who, having inadvertently opened the wrong door, find themselves, to their horror, in the Dons' common room!

But further investigation of this literary treasure-house was arrested by the sight of a complete set up to date of the "Calendar of State Papers." Just a century ago the Public Record Office was established to gather together, classify, preserve, translate and publish the multitudinous papers in public offices relating to State affairs—a work which has been going on ever since. The discovery of a quantity of medieval and Renaissance Latin documents, whose very existence had been overlooked and whose bulk was considerable, led the staff to seek the aid of competent trans-

lators, and the Woodchester community were foremost amongst the volunteers. These publications are now in large measure accessible to the public, and they furnish very interesting reading.

I turned over several volumes at random. An entry of October 26, 1628, showed no less a personality than Ben Jonson, defending himself in a trial at law! These were the circumstances. That singular soldier, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, had returned from the siege of La Rochelle, having inflicted twelve thousand casualties, all upon his own men! New forces were raised, and he was on the eve of trying his luck again when, to everybody's relief, he was stabbed by Felton! The assassin, a crazy creature egged on by balked ambition, became the hero of the hour. His health was drunk in the best of college cellars. His imprisonment inspired a world of poetical addresses which presumably were not read him by his warders. One of the most vigorous of these paeans was attributed to Ben Jonson who, the recipient of a pension from the King, was revealed—if indeed the attribution were justified—to be exulting poetically over the King's favourite. Old and in the decline of his powers, Ben Jonson's situation was not devoid of peril.

Examination of Benjamin Jonson, of Westminster, gent, taken by Attorney General Heath. Saw certain verses beginning, "Enjoy thy bondage," and ending "England's ransom here doth lie," and entitled "To his confined friend, etc.," at Sir Robert Cotton's house at Westminster. Came there, as he often does, these verses lying on the table after dinner, he was asked concerning them as if he had been their author. Protests the contrary, on his Christianity and hope of salvation. Heard by common fame that one Zouch Townley made them. One Sunday after examinant had heard Mr. Townley preach at St. Margaret's in Westminster, Mr. Townley taking a liking to a dagger with a white haft which examinant ordinarily wore at his girdle, examinant gave it him two nights after, being invited by Townley to supper, but without any relation to the verses.

The poet was acquitted.

We must not be supposed to imply that historians have not already ransacked these State Papers or that their contents are not accessible in other places besides Woodchester or that they constitute the most interesting volumes in that monastic library. But it is hard to leave them when one meets them in bulk, since they bring one so close to past days.

We catch just a glimpse of the spread of disaffection after Strafford's execution from these comments by a Government official of Charles I.

1641. Dec. 30. York House.

Sir Sidney Bere to Sir George Peyton.

We are in daily fears of uproars and disorders; the

'prentices and our soldiers have lately had some bickering, wherein many of the 'prentices were wounded and lost their hats and cloaks. . . These wounds of the 'prentices have so exasperated them that it is feared they will be at Whitehall this day to the number of 10,000; whereupon the soldiers have increased their number, built up a court of guard without the gate, and called down the military company to their assistance, and what will be the event God knows.

And, later in the year, one of Charles's officers writing to a friend supplies this homely touch :

This day towards even, Prince Rupert entered the city [loyal Worcester] at a bye-passage with 18 troops of horse, most of the city crying "Welcome! Welcome!" but principally the Mayor, who desired to entertain him; but he answered "God damn him."

More literary interest was aroused by the sight of an entry headed with the words "John Milton," only to be disappointed when details became known. This particular John Milton was poetical only in finance. A presumably fraudulent "saltpetreman," he is "arrested into the Compter," [prison] besides "actions have been laid on him to the value of 200 l." The race of war-profiteers is of very ancient lienage! These few extracts show that what I have called the "dry bones of history" are not, after all, so particularly arid. They served at least on that occasion to prevent me exploring, as I had intended, the rest of a fascinating collection of books.

KENNETH HARE.

"FRENCH CATHOLICS AND POLITICS."

A Misapprehension Corrected.

OUR esteemed contemporary, *Revue Apoloétique*, issued last month "a fraternal yet firm protest" against what it considers to be some adverse reflections upon the French Church contained in Mr. R. J. Dingle's article in the February MONTH, called "French Catholics and Politics." After disclaiming any intention of presuming to defend certain well-known persons and papers therein criticized, the Rev. Dr. Dumoutet, Secretary of the Editorial Board, proceeds:

What is the fact is that, in spite of the *Front populaire* . . . French Catholics at present enjoy religious peace and ample liberty in the sphere of Catholic Action. Consequently, it is wholly inexact to liken our position to that of Red Spain. This happy emergence from a critical situation is not due

mainly to the action of this or that organ, group or writer, but to the wise and prudent attitude shown by the whole of the French episcopate under the inspiration of H.E. Cardinal Verdier and in full accord with the Holy See. The hierarchy of our country has made no suggestion which seems to imply political or civic *indifférentisme*, and it leaves Catholics free to join the party of their choice, on one condition, that they do not identify the Church with any party, since the Church as such should remain outside and above all parties. Impartial history will doubtless record that, if, in spite of the events of June, 1936, we have escaped a fratricidal conflict, we owe that escape to the providential application of that all-important doctrine. Are we premature in asking our friends abroad to endorse this verdict?

We have the less difficulty in doing so that we are sure there is nothing in our article inconsistent with it. THE MONTH, in turn, may protest that it would never have the impertinence of admitting to its pages any adverse criticism of Catholic ecclesiastical affairs in France or in any other country, nor would Mr. Dingle, of whose competence in dealing with his subject it is well assured, have made the attempt. But the attitude towards Spain of certain French Catholics, which has aroused strong reprobation in France as well as abroad, is surely justifiable matter of comment. However, in the following few remarks Mr. Dingle makes his position abundantly clear, to the satisfaction, we trust, of the *Revue Apologétique*.

ED.

I am sorry to see that Dr. Ed. Dumoutet, in the *Revue Apologétique*, has interpreted my article on "French Catholics and Politics" in the February MONTH as a criticism of the French episcopate. This was very far from its intention. Neither did I represent the position in France as being like that in Red Spain. The Popular Front movement, which originated in Russia and was adopted only in Spain and France, aims, on the admission of its promoters, at the establishment of Communism, which is incompatible with religion. It was, therefore, strictly exact to say that the offensive was the same in both countries. Catholics here will rejoice with Dr. Dumoutet that France has *échappé à une guerre fratricide* and will earnestly hope that the *heureuse évolution d'une crise délicate* will continue. The criticism of my article was directed to the opinions of certain Catholics, certainly not to the wise decision of the Church in France to leave its members free in the political field and to abstain from entering that field as a partisan.

R. J. DINGLE.

II. OUR CONTEMPORARIES

- AMERICA: March 19, 1938. **Eire Claims United Ireland**, by David Hogan. [A history of Partition showing that a United Ireland would mean a stronger England.]
- CATHOLIC HERALD: March 18, 1938. **Austria in Perspective**, by M. de la Bedoyère. [The absorption a misfortune not so much to this country but certainly to the Church.]
- CATHOLIC TIMES: March 18, 1938. **Rising Sun**, by John Ashe. [An account of the fortunes and prospects of the Faith in Japan.]
- CHRISTIAN DEMOCRAT: Jan., March, 1938. **Family Allowances**, by J. Kirwan. [A clear and interesting account of this device by which the difficulties of the Living Wage are surmounted.]
- COMMONWEAL: March 11, 1938. **Church "Wealth" in Spain**, by E. Allison Peers. [An authoritative exposure by an historian of Red falsehoods about the Spanish Church.]
- ÉTUDES: March 20, 1938. **Problèmes Juifs et Mystère d'Israel**, by J. Bonsirven. [Essay by an expert on the only Christian way of solving the Jewish problem.]
- IRISH ROSARY: March, 1938. **Freedom**. [Editorial describing various ideals and distinguishing true from false.]
- REVUE APOLOGETIQUE: March, 1938. **Les Principes de l'Action Catholique**, by P. Duvignau. [A useful exposition of C.A. as the natural efflorescence of the Sacrament of Confirmation.]
- SIGN: March, 1938. **The Godless Brood**, by Hilaire Belloc. [How economic slavery, political tyranny and idolatry spring naturally from the denial of God's rights.]
- STUDIES: March 1938. **The Nazi Movement in Germany**, by D. O'Keeffe. [A false religion destined to perish but meanwhile prolific of evil.]
- TABLET: March 12, 1938. **Nationalism and the Church in India**, by J. Vijaya-Tunga. [How the Faith should be presented to the native.]
- THOUGHT: March, 1938. **Protestant Tradition in Literature**, by Joseph B. Code, Sc.Hist.D. [An exhaustive and well-documented appraisal of the extent to which religious prejudice has defiled the well of English History.]
- UNIVERSE: March 18, 1938. **The Church on Peace and War**, by Rev. J. McKenna, V.F. [A brief survey of recent teaching with the final hope of a future "masterly Papal exposition of the ethics of warfare."]
- WORLD PROBLEM: March, 1938. **Attempts to Form a United Front in England**, by J. Ledit. [A useful and well-informed summary of the various influences trying to unite atheists and anti-clericals.]

REVIEWS

I—HOW TO BECOME A SAINT¹

ONE of the great disadvantages under which Ascetical-Mystical Theology labours is that, unlike Dogmatic and Moral Theology, it is, and perhaps must be from the nature of its subject, inconsistent in the use of its terms. Dogmatic and moral theologians, before they do anything else, make quite sure of their definitions; they decide exactly what is the subject they are discussing, and what is the scope of their thesis. One may almost say that the benefit of scholastic distinctions lies precisely in this; they keep the attention fixed on what is, and what is not, the point at issue. But the ascetical-mystical theologian, once he has parted company with dogma and moral, and has started on his own specific career, has no such defences or sign-posts. He is compelled to employ terms which are very differently interpreted by different writers before him; he has no distinctions with which to save himself from being differently interpreted by others. Perhaps this is the reason why St. Thomas made no specific difference between ascetico-mysticism and other kinds of theology; to him the one was only the development of the other, and, as far as possible, must be confined by the same rules. But with St. Teresa, and to a great extent with St. John of the Cross, it was very different. St. Teresa was not a dogmatic or moral theologian; she began from a totally different starting-point, that of personal experience, writing always by order of her Dominican confessors, and trusting to them to reject or approve what she wrote. St. John of the Cross, though trained in theology, yet wrote as one who was exploring a different field. He, too, wrote from experience; also, he wrote with a view to practice. His patron, St. Teresa was dead, and there was danger that her spirit would die with her; St. John laboured to preserve that spirit and, as is always the case with men of genius, he ended by writing something entirely his own.

The wonder, then, is that writers starting from such opposite poles, St. Thomas from dogma, St. Teresa and St. John from experience, should so easily be brought together, and found to be teaching the same thing. Of course the explanation is that both were guided by the same light, that of their common faith. Whether they approached God with the vision of reason, or with

¹ *Christian Perfection and Contemplation, according to St. Thomas Aquinas and St. John of the Cross.* By the Rev. R. Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P. Translated by Sister M. Timothea Doyle, O.P. London: Herder. Price, 14s.

the vision of the soul, it was the same ultimate idea of God they approached; the same light shone down the path in opposite directions, kept them in the right way, and brought them to the same goal. Still, when it came to expressing their mind in words, a difference appeared. St. Thomas with his clear definition, argument, purpose, always knew where he stood, always knew what he was saying; St. Teresa and St. John, often enough, did not. They had experiences which would not go into human speech, they were compelled to use words which did not express what they wished to say, simply because there were no other. St. Thomas could set a distinction to mark out accurately what he meant; St. Teresa could only say feebly: "I saw, but with the eyes of my soul, not with my human sight." It is this difficulty which lies at the root of practically all the "schools of the spiritual life," as they are called. Their differences, such as they are, are on the surface only; underneath they mean the same thing. Before the sixteenth century, though the spiritual life was differently expressed and practised, still it never seems to have occurred to anyone to question another's theory; even in the sixteenth century itself we find St. Teresa herself using indiscriminately, as her guide and confessor, whatever representative of spirituality suited her, Dominican or Franciscan, Jesuit or secular priest. Indeed one may go further. If with her there was a difference of opinion, it seems to have begun with St. John of the Cross himself. It seems evident that at times they did not see eye to eye; during one period, while St. John was confessor of her community, Teresa had as her own confessor a priest from elsewhere.¹ In any case, as her final court of appeal, she always fell back on the Dominican theologians; though she took her "direction" perhaps more from other confessors, she would always have it tested by them.

Even Father Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P., accurate, systematic and discriminating theologian as he is, does not seem wholly to have escaped this disadvantage in his excellent, and in many ways satisfying, work: *Christian Perfection and Contemplation*. The purpose he has set before himself is explained on the title-page; while he develops fully the teaching of St. Thomas, he has also set out to show that the teaching of St. Thomas and the teaching of St. John of the Cross are one and the same. Father Garrigou-Lagrange is essentially a dogmatic theologian, and he has long been recognized as one of the outstanding exponents of the Angelic Doctor. In this work he is in no way below his high standard; so long as he deals with the dogmatic side of ascetical-mystical theology it would be difficult not to agree with every word he

¹ I am indebted to the late Father Benedict Zimmermann, O.D.C., for the evidence for this curious fact. He further told me that he was inclined to believe that the two saints had different views, or interpretations, of several of their mutual experiences.

writes. He follows the recognized divisions; he maintains the unity of all spiritual doctrine; he places in their right perspective natural life, the supernatural life of sanctifying grace, the theological and moral virtues. He deals with the doctrine of Grace according to the mind of St. Thomas and the Dominican tradition; naturally, in the same spirit, he gives great importance to the Gifts of the Holy Ghost, and their effect. There is a beautiful corollary section, showing how the doctrine of St. Thomas on Grace can only lead to one practical conclusion; it develops humility in the soul, showing it how it is nothing, it draws it to intimate prayer, seeing that God is everything, it leads to the connatural practice of the theological virtues, since they are the manifestation of the soul in grace. In all this, though at times other exponents of grace might express it differently, we are struck by the author's clear exposition; though later we see conclusions which may make us hesitate, we gratefully accept the solid theological foundation he has laid down.

✠ A.G.

2—TRUTH AND ERROR ¹

A BOOK is assuredly worth publishing if it helps us to live more fully the sacramental life of the Church. This may be said to be the aim of Matthias Laros's *Confirmation in the Modern World*. The subject and the lines along which it is unfolded possess the virtues of freshness and originality. Confirmation is exhibited chapter by chapter as the sacrament of personality, of the common priesthood of the laity, and of the apostolate. It follows that it is the sacrament of Catholic Action, though here the author allows himself to become involved in a discussion of the "creative tension" existing between the "poles" of individual responsibility and freedom, on the one side, and the public authority of the Church on the other. The question may be intriguing, but this book scarcely seems the proper place to explore it. The exposition of the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost is simple, but helpful. In the final chapter, "The Laws of Life and the Sin against the Holy Ghost," the author swings far to the opposite extreme of abstruse and somewhat doubtfully true philosophical considerations. A defect of the book is precisely that: the mixing of what is deep and less certain and even peculiar to the author with what is instructional and practical and straightforward. The notion of "polarity," for example, appears in the most unexpected places. Still, a number of considerations are brought forward which would be of real use to a parish priest in his task of helping

¹ (1) *Confirmation in the Modern World*. By Matthias Laros. London: Sheed & Ward. Pp. 229. Price, 7s. 6d. (2) *The National Faith of Japan: a Study in Modern Shinto*. By D. C. Holtom, Ph.D., D.D. London: Kegan Paul & Co. Pp. xiii, 329. Price, 15s.

young and old to realize the significance of the sacrament of Confirmation in the world of to-day.

With the double aim of introducing students to a field of knowledge hitherto not easily accessible and of contributing information essential to an understanding of modern Japan, Dr. Holtom has provided historical and descriptive surveys of State Shinto and the thirteen recognized Shinto Sects. Students will be grateful to him for reproducing so many excerpts from the translations of relevant documents, and all who read the book will be delighted as well as instructed by the many full-page photographs of subjects connected with Shinto.

Specialists may quarrel, here and there perhaps, with points in his historical summaries and descriptive accounts. More general exception will probably be taken to his attempt to describe the origin of Shinto. His manner of approach to the question may be gauged from his definition of Shinto: "The characteristic ritualistic arrangements and their underlying beliefs, by which the Japanese people have celebrated, dramatized, interpreted, and supported the chief values of their national life" (p. 6). The factors that appeal to him as indicative of Shinto origins can be appraised from such samples as "We are learning . . . that a great deity stands for something correspondingly vital in the social life" (p. 90). "Religion . . . is shaped by certain biological and social demands expressive of man's underlying necessity to persist, to develop and to find an ever improving adaptation to environment" (p. 93). "Undoubtedly, the greatest of all the formative factors in the early religious life of man . . . was the need of food" (p. 93).

Dr. Holtom insists that, "Modern Shrine Shinto is a thorough-going religion. It is the State religion of Japan." He thinks that the Catholic Church's acceptance of the Government's assurance that State Shinto is not a religion "is based on practical necessities rather than scientifically valid recognition of what State Shinto really is" (p. 298). He admits, however, that "The question of the private beliefs of the participants in Shinto ceremonies is not raised" (p. 305). It is possible, then, that he has not perfectly understood the Church's attitude to Catholic participation in State Shinto ceremonies.

There is no question that a knowledge of Shinto is indispensable for a genuine understanding of Japan. What light is cast, for example, by this quotation from a text of one of the sects: "In other countries sovereigns rose and fell, ruling dynasties prospered and decayed. Kings and emperors ruled and then passed away. But in our land one ruling house has continued to this day. This is because our Empire was built by the gods, whose descendants are our rulers" (p. 230).

SHORT NOTICES

THEOLOGICAL.

THE second volume of **Théologie et Piété d'après S. Thomas**, by R.P. Timothée Richard, O.P. (Lethielleux: 18.00 fr.), carries on the teaching of the first, from God to man. In the first volume God was mainly considered, Grace, the Will of God, man's duty to God; here man is led to consider himself, the meaning and possibility of perfection, sin, temptation, and influence for good, the spiritual life, and generosity. The various chapters have practical life very much in view; they read at times like a constant self-testing on a high, but not unreachable standard.

MORAL.

In a new and bold way Père Maurice Rigaux, S.J., faces the question of sex-education in **La Formation à la Pureté** (Editions Spes: 18.00 fr.). He is essentially positive in his treatment; he will not have us run away from the dragon, he will have us face it by training to self-mastery and the formation of character; and for each of these he draws up a careful and practical analysis. These are the natural foundations and they may, under certain circumstances, go far. But experience teaches that they are not enough. The author strengthens them by a further analysis of what faith can do for the strengthening of the soul. The book concludes with many notes and appendices confirming or developing, by illustration and quotation, what has been said in the text. It is a work full of common sense without any emotion or shirking of the facts.

A new pocket series of the works of St. Augustine, handsomely produced on good paper, has recently been begun. The Latin text is on one page, a French translation on the opposite; there are excellent Introductions and Notes. The second volume, entitled **Problèmes Moraux** (Desclée: 25.00 fr. belg), contains seven of St. Augustine's *Opuscula*, on Marriage, on Lying, on Care of the Dead, on Patience, and on Fasting, in all 568 pages. Such a work cannot fail to popularize the writings of the great Doctor.

That the youth of France suffers severely from the modern so-called democracy is brought home to us by such a booklet as **L'Éducation de la Politesse**, by Chanoine Pradel, Directeur de l' "École Massillon" (Téqui: 7.00 fr.). There is no snobbery about the author's argument; he merely shows that vulgarity is growing among the youth of France, and gives the reasons. Then, as a prudent and experienced headmaster, he explains the value of good manners, and how they may be preserved. It is a book, especially

in its second part, which will suggest many ideas to parents and teachers.

APOLOGETIC.

Father Charles J. Mullaly, S.J., has produced a small encyclopædia in **Can You Explain Catholic Practices?** (Apostleship of Prayer, New York: 25 cents). It contains short papers, many of them illustrated, which originally appeared in *The Messenger*, on some fifty common subjects, which every Catholic knows about, but might find it difficult to explain to non-Catholic friends: marriage impediments, preparing for a sick call, Catholic symbols, services of Holy Week, holy water, and very much more. There is a wonderful amount in so cheap a book, and it is all clearly set out.

It is clear that much pains have been taken to produce **Instructions on Christian Doctrine: The Apostles' Creed**, by Rev. Nicholas O'Rafferty (Coldwell: 12s.). The author has wished to give a course that shall in every way conform to the desire of the three last Popes, who have urged the necessity of catechetical teaching. In forty-one instructions he has gone through the Apostles' Creed, not confining himself merely to theological explanation, but through the articles reaching to practical life, making the Faith a living thing more than a matter of doctrine. Thus we have instructions on the Importance of Knowing Jesus Christ, on the Mental Anguish in the Passion, on the Seven Last Words, and other subjects, broadening out the Creed till it includes much also that it implies. Father O'Rafferty has not been content to give summaries or headings of his discourses; he has written them out in full, with far more matter than the instructor is likely to need, and yet carefully divided so that he may easily select what he may want for his purpose. His style and standard keep before the mind an ordinary instructed congregation, that knows its creed and wants to know more. There is an exhaustive index. The book is beautifully printed, and is a pleasure to handle.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

The most noble part of philosophy, by reason of its Object, is Natural Theology. The main principles of this, the highest part of metaphysics, are set forth in a recent textbook—**Theodicy, a Class Manual in the Philosophy of Deity** (Herder: 9s.), by the Rev. Paul J. Glenn, Ph.D., S.T.D.—“which tries to rear a sturdy framework or scaffolding upon which the young student may take confident stand for the long and difficult task of building up his edifice of philosophical knowledge.” With points that form matter of dispute between scholastic philosophers, Dr. Glenn deals briefly. For example, he sets forth cursorily both the Molinist and Premotionist views of divine concurrence, without any elaboration of arguments on either side, though as his personal opinion “we must say that reason seems strongly to favour the Pre-

motionist position." It follows naturally that the author also rejects the Molinist ascription of God's knowledge of "futuribilia" to "scientia media."

Students in Training Colleges, and all who are preparing to go to a University or otherwise to further their education, could not do better than read Dr. Glenn's *Ontology* (Herder: 10s.), for it explains simply and clearly those main ideas of fundamental philosophy which are essential to any real culture. No attempt is made to break new ground, and references for further study are indicated only obscurely. But desire to advance will be herein abundantly stimulated.

The fourth volume of the Abbé Leclercq's *Leçons de Droit Naturel* merits more than this short and somewhat belated notice. It is published in two parts by the Maison Mesmael-Charlier of Namur, under the general title of *Les Droits et Devoirs Individuels* (Part I, 20.00 fr.; Part II, 50.00 fr. belg). Previous volumes have considered the principles and problems of the foundation of Right and of Society, the State and the Family. The fourth treats of the many questions which arise from man's right to live and to possess things as his own. In the first and shorter part, murder, suicide, capital punishment and legitimate defence in peace and war are dealt with in their traditional and ethical setting. The author's manner is lucid, competent and interesting. Of the normal textbook arrangement and paragraphing he has retained only as much as was strictly necessary to secure a clear sequence of thought with the result that his work is very readable. In the second part he considers the right of private property and shows that the teaching of the Scholastics on this question differs in several respects from the loose views entertained by not a few Catholics of to-day. It emphasized the duties attached to possession and stressed its social nature and obligation. There is a good study of the development of Socialism in its various forms and of Communism. A worthy and valuable book that will repay reading and detailed examination.

DEVOTIONAL.

There is being published in France a series of pamphlets, under the general title, *Directives* (Flammarion: 2.25 fr.), by some of the best-known French authors, which might well find translators for English readers. One before us, *Le Croyant devant la Vie*, by A. D. Sertillanges, O.P., demonstrates the meaning to life, and to all nature, by the light of the faith. As the faith is the key to creation, so creation justifies the faith; supernatural and natural go hand in hand; in that harmony the soul of man is content, and rejoices to spend itself in action. Such is the thesis of this little book.

ASCETICAL.

Two singularly attractive books for priests, **Prophets of the Better Hope**, and **The Considerate Priest**, contain the two series of short studies on the priest's life which have appeared in previous years in *The Ecclesiastical Review*, by its former editor, the late Mgr. Kerby (Dolphin Press: \$1.50 each volume). They are the essays of an observant priest who has watched his fellow-priests in their ordinary lives, and has chosen his subjects accordingly; unconventional, familiar, full of sympathy, even while they point out shortcomings. He has a word for "Clerical Shyness," for the use of "Leisure in Clerical Life," for "The Priest's Respect for Others' Feelings," for "Familiar Tyrannies in Clerical Guise"; these are four of the twenty-seven subjects of which the author treats. We do not know any book quite like them. Mgr. Kerby does not teach spirituality; he assumes it, and then turns to see how it works, and how it ought to work, in a priest's ordinary life. We can safely say that no priest will read them without interest and gratitude to the author.

NON-CATHOLIC.

In **The Church Victorious**, by Bishop Crotty, Vicar of St. Pancras (Longmans: 2s. 6d.), the author dwells on the challenges to Christianity about us at the present time, on faith and truth of life as the chief answer to them, on the need to proclaim the cause, not sparing his fellow-ministers of the Word for their apathy. Indeed, as the book progresses, it turns to them more than to the rank and file. The work is earnest and confident; but we cannot help asking ourselves throughout: "What does the author mean by the 'Church'?" There can be no victory under hesitant, vague and contradictory leadership.

HISTORICAL.

One is always struck by the outspoken courage of Père Albert Bessières, S.J. In his latest series of addresses **L'Esprit et La Bête** (Editions Spes: 12.00 fr.), he uses again the New Testament characters, Mary Magdalen, Judas, and others, mainly to parallel them with characters of history, past and present, and to show that the contest between the Spirit and the Beast is for ever being carried on. Naturally, as before, he concentrates on our present-day Materialism, Bolshevism and Racism; perhaps most on the last. The final conference sums all up in St. John and the Apocalypse. It is an inspiring book, chanting victory in the midst of distress.

As Cardinal Hinsley says in his impressive foreword, no one could do justice in such a comparatively small book such as that called **The White Fathers in Africa** (B.O. & W.: 3s. 6d.) to so vast a work as is sketched therein. But in 116 pages, accompanied by many excellent photographs and maps, Mr. Donald

Attwater gives at least a very clear idea of that work, and of the heroic zeal and self-sacrifice which daily go to its making. To quote His Eminence again, "one finds fascination beyond romance, and the epic of the Church's continual struggle to teach all nations is more enthralling than fiction." We hope this book will circulate widely, for we need constant reminding of all that these missionaries are doing for God with inadequate resources in men and material and in everything except their indomitable spirit of zeal. "With Mr. Attwater's book before me," the Cardinal sums up, "I am inclined to conclude that Cardinal Lavigerie and his sons have been able by the impulse and strength of divine grace, through struggles and poverty and martyrdoms, to accomplish one of the grandest triumphs of missionary enterprise." Let us never forget that we can all *share* in this enterprise by giving, even at the cost of self-sacrifice, some *extra* help to the African Missions, so emphatically recommended to our zeal by our home authorities, and by the Pope himself.

An abridged edition of Father Bede Jarrett's **The English Dominicans**, by Father Walter Gumbley, O.P. (B.O. & W. : 5s.), for the benefit of those who would like the book in a cheaper form, retains most of the history of the larger volume, as well as the reconstructions of earlier England and its life which seem to us the most interesting portions of Father Bede's work. Naturally the connexion of the friars with Oxford occupies a prominent place; the story of the conflicts with one party in the Church and another is told without bias either way. Dominican modern history, from the restoration under Queen Mary till to-day is briefly given; this part Father Gumbley has practically rewritten, that he might insert the wonderful work of Father Bede himself.

A pamphlet—**The Church and the Jews** (Catholic Association for International Peace : 10 cents)—which comes from America, is yet the offspring of the "Pauluswerk," Vienna. Its parentage is a good guarantee of intellectual value. Such a counterblast to anti-Semitism is sorely needed. Whilst regretting that its teutonic origin is at times unmistakably evident, we must be heartily grateful for this Catholic repudiation of the unChristian racialism which is so prevalent abroad. It is pleasant to read—p. 11—that St. Ignatius of Loyola would have liked to be a Jew for the sake of greater resemblance to our Lord. The little treatise represents the combined work of fourteen European scholars.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

It is just possible that some readers of **Twenty-one Saints**, by Aloysius Croft (Coldwell : 6s. 6d.), will feel that the human side is rather overdone, while the sanctity, for the most part, has been omitted. But if he will read he will discover the author's purpose. He is writing for American boys, and therefore all boys, but with

an idiom that is of America, and he knows the kind of things such boys admire. These things he shows in the lives of twenty-one saints, from St. Peter to St. John Bosco, not so much by writing their lives as by choosing certain incidents in those lives that reveal the man. Throughout the book one is struck by the profound reverence of the author; a thing too easily dispensed with in stories of this kind. There are some black-and-white illustrations, one or two of quite exceptional power.

The interesting series "Collection 'Choisir,' " consisting of volumes on well-known authors with selections from their writings, has already produced excellent studies. The latest, **Dom Guéranger, Introduction de Louis Dimier** (Desclée: 18.00 fr.), describes the great historian and liturgist, perhaps chiefly in relation to the modernism of his time; his connexion with Lamennais, his liberation from the toil, his later championing of the Papacy. The selections from his writings are long and copious, chiefly illustrating his critical power, in answer to such rivals as de Broglie, Mgr. Maret, and Dupanloup. An exhaustive bibliography and index render the book useful for the student of the period, as well as of Dom Guéranger himself.

The author of the standard life of St. John of the Cross, Father Bruno de Jésus-Marie, seems almost to be defying the world in his brochure **Madame Acarie, Épouse et Mystique** (Desclée: 12.00 fr.). He does not follow the Beata into the cloister, where, as Marie de l'Incarnation, she became the foundress of the French Carmel; he is content to describe her in her married life, with the distinct purpose of showing how closely alike is the love of the mystic and of the wife. The author has a piquant style, which makes his incidents read almost like a challenge to a world which is unwilling to believe.

SOCIOLOGICAL.

Miss Helen Iswolsky whose work on *L'Homme 1936 en Russie Soviétique* was recently rendered into English, has now turned her attention to the problem of man's partner under the same regime. In **Femmes Soviétiques** (Desclée de Brouwer: 9.00 fr.) she studies the position of women under the Soviets. More women are employed in industrial concerns, this is true: but it is a shallow basis for the boast that the Russian woman is now emancipated. This supposed emancipation was accompanied in the first years of the Revolution by an attempt to "liquidate" family life and by open encouragement given to immorality and abortion that the despised "bourgeois" sanctions and feelings of restraint might be forgotten. But the appalling consequences of this "integral communism" have forced even the Soviet rulers to re-establish anew the idea of marriage and the family. The Soviet woman has in a sense won through and recovered something of the position

and respect which is her womanly due. Miss Iswolsky's book is well documented with references to legal enactments and the Russian Press.

POETRY.

The Cry of Europe and Other Poems, by Mrs. Eric Bruce (privately printed and obtainable from the authoress at Airth Lodge, St. Leonards-on-Sea: 1s. 6d. n.), is a collection of verse—chiefly "free"—on a variety of subjects. Mrs. Bruce employs so rich a vocabulary that one could wish to see it "trained and wrought" into a form more worthy of its quality. Might one be allowed to suggest that the trouble thus involved—even though necessarily considerable—would greatly enhance her gifts of expression?

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

Amongst the new C.T.S. twopenny pamphlets we have to notice the biography by Mrs. Roche of **St. Benedict Joseph Labre**, one of those saints who carried contempt for self and the world to extraordinary lengths. Then in **Blessed John Ruysbroeck** Dom Hubert Zeller tells the story of the life of the great mystic very attractively. **Saints' Names for Boys** is an abridged list of the names generally in use and a short history of each bearer. In the smaller format, **The Way of the Cross in the Words of St. Paul** is strikingly set forth by the Rev. Clement Parsons, and **Resurrexit**, parts I and II, contain those favourite meditations from Easter to the Ascension by Richard F. Clarke, S.J., reprinted in larger type. Amongst stories we have **It Happened in Cornwall**, by Eveline Cole, a narration which contains ancient and modern in readable fashion.

The Catholic Mind for February 22nd has some excellent papers on Communism and one by F. J. Remler, C.M., on "Causes of Catholic Leakage" which tabulates concisely fourteen of the most dangerous causes.

From Father Daniel Lord, S.J., come some excellent pamphlets (*The Queen's Work*, St. Louis: 5 and 10 cents each), three by himself, written in an attractive colloquial way which unites entertainment with real instruction. That called **Are You Scrupulous?** is the most common-sense discussion on that trying disease we have seen and we wish it could be distributed in thousands. Common difficulties are faced and overcome in **I Don't Like Lent**. Father Siedenbarg, S.J., recently returned from Russia, narrates his experiences to Father Lord in **I Saw the Soviet**, none the less damningly because quite soberly. Finally, **Tell Me About Jesus**, by J. S. Kennedy, is a charming book for small children.

The Catholic Association for International Peace furnishes an important addition to its instructive literature in **Patriotism, Nationalism and the Brotherhood of Man**, by Carlton J. H. Hayes (Washington: 10 cents).

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

- ALLEN & UNWIN, London.
Poems. By Eileen Duggan. Pp. 58. Price, 5s. n.
- BLACKWELL, Oxford.
The Gospel, Christianity and Other Faiths. By Heinrich Frick. Translated by James Haire. Pp. xvi, 75. Price, 3s. 6d. n.
- BRITISH UNION, London.
To-morrow we Live. By Oswald Moseley. Pp. 72. Price, 3d.
- BROWNE & NOLAN, LTD., Dublin.
Breviary of Piety for Clerics. Pp. 516. Price, 4s.
- BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, LTD.,
The Tragedy of Spain. By Dr. van Vollenhoven. Pp. 61. Price, 1s. In
Our Valley. By Vincent McNabb, O.P. Pp. vi, 66. Price, 2s. 6d.
Memories of Charles de Foucauld. By P. Geo. Gorrée. Illustrated. Translated by Donald Attwater. Pp. 167. Price, 7s. 6d.
Of Conversion. By St. Bernard. Translated by Watkin Williams. Pp. xiii, 62. Price, 2s. 6d.
Isaias. By Hubert van Zeller, O.S.B. Pp. xi, 123. Price, 3s. 6d.
- CITÉ CHRÉTIENNE, Brussels.
Entretiens du Ciel. By Henri Pierre Faffin. Pp. 287. Price, 22.50 fr.
L'Extremisme Catholique. By Hanly Furley. Pp. 21. Price, 2.25 fr.
Pax Christi. By Jean Caret. Pp. 125. Price, 10.00 fr.
- COLDWELL, London.
The Cross and the Crisis. By Fulton J. Sheen. Pp. ix, 219. Price, 8s. 6d.
The Cross of Christ. By Rev. Fulgence Meyer, O.F.M. Pp. ix, 116. Price, 5s. 6d.
The History of the Church. By Joseph Lortz. Translated by Edwin G. Kaiser, C.P.P.S. Pp. xvi, 573. Price, 15s.
Problems of Psychology. By H. Gruender, S.J. Pp. xi, 209. Price, 8s.
Tradition and Progress. By Ross Hoffman. Pp. xvii, 165. Price, 8s. 6d.
- DITCHLING PRESS.
Art Notes. Nos. 5 and 6. Price, 6d.
- FABER & FABER, London.
There's a Devil in the Drum. By John Lucy. Pp. 393. Price, 8s. 6d. n.
- FEDERATION NATIONALE CATHOLIQUE, Paris.
Marxisme et Famille. By S. Angel. Pp. 96. Price, 4.00 fr.
Un ordre corporatif français. By G. Coquelle-Viance. Pp. 110. Price, 6.00 fr.
Paysan Russe, les Soviets. 1917-1937. Pp. 32. Price, 1.50 fr.
- FLAMMARION, Paris.
Sur la Plus Haute Branche. By Henriette Charasson. Pp. 250. Price, 16.00 fr.
- Régime Corporatif et les Catholiques Sociaux.* By Georges Jarlot, S.J. Pp. 261. Price, 25.00 fr.
- GILL & SON, Dublin.
Outline Meditations on the Passion. By Rev. Michael Browne, S.J. Pp. 64. Price, 8d.
- GREGORIAN UNIVERSITY, Rome.
Sancti Thomae de Spiritualibus Creaturis. Edited by Leo Keeler, S.J. Pp. xv, 148. Price, 8.00 l.
- KEGAN PAUL, London.
The National Faith of Japan. By D. C. Holtom. Illustrated. Pp. xiii, 329. Price, 15s. n.
- L'ÉDITION UNIVERSELLE, Brussels.
Jean Berchmans. By Tony Severin, S.J. Pp. 64.
- LETHIELLEUX, Paris.
La Croix et l'Autel. By Louis Soubigou. Pp. 110. Price, 10.00 fr.
Le Beau Voyage ou Deux Enfants à Lourdes. By A. Pierre Alciette. Pp. 126. Price, 12.00 fr.
La Vie Merveilleuse de Moïse. By Aloys Miramar. Pp. 192. Price, 20.00 fr.
Le Prêtre Français et la Société Contemporaine. Tome III. By J. Bruguerette. Pp. 788. Price, 80.00 fr.
- LONGMANS, London.
Waterford and Lismore. By Patrick Power. Pp. 402. Price, 7s. 6d. n.
Anglicanism in Transition. By Humphrey Johnson. Pp. ix, 235. Price, 6s. n.
History of Medieval Philosophy. Vol. II. By Maurice de Wulf. Translated by Ernest C. Messenger. Pp. xii, 379. Price, 17s. 6d. n.
- SHEED & WARD, London.
Our Blessed Lady. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. Pp. xii, 292. Price, 7s. 6d. n.
Chesterton, Belloc, Baring. By Raymond Las Vergnas. Pp. 135. Price, 5s. n.
The Thing. By G. K. Chesterton. Pp. 255. Price, 3s. 6d. n.
The Secret of St. John Bosco. By Henri Ghéon. Translated by F. J. Sheed. Pp. 203. Price, 3s. 6d. n.
The Philosophy of St. Bonaventure. By Etienne Gilson. Pp. xiii, 551. Price, 18s. n.
- THE QUEEN'S WORK, St. Louis, Mo.
 Several pamphlets by Daniel Lord, S.J. Price, 5 and 10 cents. One by John Sexton Kennedy. Price, 5 cents.
- VROMANT & CO., Brussels.
La Bernardine Réparatrice. By Dom I. van Houtryne, O.S.B. Pp. 123.
- WALKER, Hinckley.
An Apologist's Notebook. By W. J. Randall, C.M.S. Pp. 31. Price, 6d. n.

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